

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 974

JULY 28, 1888

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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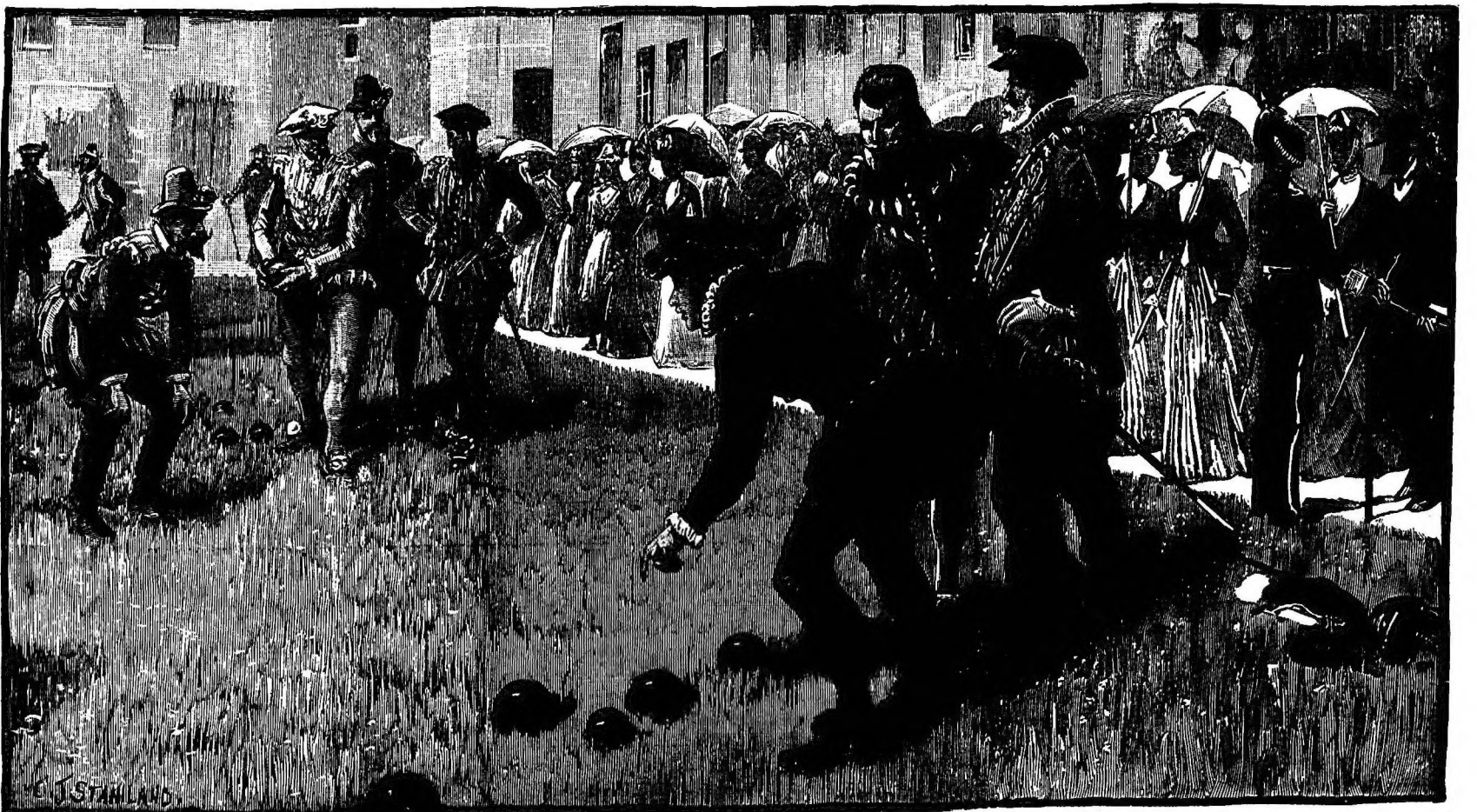
SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
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THE MAYOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE DRAKE MEMORIAL



THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH WESTWELL STREET



THE GAME OF BOWLS

THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT PLYMOUTH



## Topics of the Week

**THE CHARGES AND ALLEGATIONS BILL.**—There was a good deal of sham in the air of injured indignation with which the Gladstone-Parnellites discussed this measure, for they did not dare to challenge a division; and it is to be hoped that the Government will stand firm to their guns, and not allow the scope of the inquiry to be narrowed in Committee. The chief aim apparently of the Opposition speakers was to make the public believe that the Government were forcing on an inquisitorial investigation into the career of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, and the public memory is so short and so treacherous, that Gladstonian electors may incline to accept this explanation. Of course this view is the very reverse of the truth. As Mr. Parnell declined to have the charges made against him by the *Times* investigated by an ordinary Court of law, the Government offered him a special tribunal composed of three Judges. It is merely an offer; he can take it or leave it as he pleases. In our judgment, he would have acted most prudently if he had accepted it at once, without a syllable of demur. Such ready acceptance would have seemed a proof of conscious innocence. But he would have done better to have refused it outright than to have gone on haggling and carping as he has done. His tactics are certainly not those of a man who has nothing which he is afraid to confess, and he may depend upon it that a large part of the public are already unfavourably impressed by his behaviour, which has shown an unhappy compound of hectoring and timidity. As regards the position of the Government, it is very questionable whether they ought to have offered this Commission at all. Having refused Mr. Parnell the Select Committee for which he asked, they should have done nothing further. Thus far the only practical effect of their action has been the letting loose of a flood of partisan bitterness, and the waste of a precious week at the end of a Session during which little important legislative work has been done, except the passing of the Local Government Bill. Party-spirit runs now to such a height that the decision of the three Judges—if ever they arrive at a decision—will influence nobody. Already as much is known about the Irish Nationalists as it is needful to know. In all such movements there are Extremists and Moderates, with all sorts of intervening shades; the various sections are linked together by a single aim, though they may hold different views as to how the aim will be best attained; and the Moderates are compelled by the exigencies of their position to regard with "sombre acquiescence," and sometimes with covert approval, the atrocities committed by the bolder and more dare-devil spirits. Whether these are the sort of persons to whom an Ulster Loyalist would willingly entrust the care of his life and his possessions is a question which few Englishmen or Scotchmen, if they were situated as the Ulsterman is situated, would venture to answer in the affirmative.

**WILLIAM II. AT ST. PETERSBURG.**—It has been suggested lately that the young German Emperor may not, perhaps, be quite so much under Prince Bismarck's influence as was at first supposed. It is a mistake, however, to imagine that this is proved by the Emperor's visit to the Czar. Prince Bismarck, indeed, dreads that Russia may some day be persuaded to act with France, and he has taken care to provide against this contingency by forming intimate alliances between Germany on the one hand, and Austria and Italy on the other. But he has never shown hostility to Russia. On the contrary, he has always displayed the utmost anxiety to secure her good-will for his country; and on more than one occasion he has given serious offence at Vienna and Buda-Pesth by his readiness to support the Czar's ideas. It may be assumed, therefore, that he had not a word to say against, but had a good deal to say for, the Emperor's proposal to go to St. Petersburg. The visit has been in every sense a splendid success, and there can be little doubt that it will tend to dissipate the misunderstandings which have sometimes threatened to bring about the much-talked-of conflict between Slav and Teuton. Some French politicians profess to fear that the two Sovereigns, having established friendly relations with one another, may unite to demand the partial disarmament of France. No such wild project, we may be sure, has ever been thought of. It is far more probable that a serious attempt to settle the Bulgarian Question will be the principal immediate result of the Imperial meeting. The Czar has now good evidence that Germany has no wish to injure his real interests, and he may therefore be induced to accept some compromise which will receive general approval. If this proves to be the case, William II. will have begun his reign by doing brilliant service not only to Germany, but to the world.

**JACK AT SUAKIN.**—If the safety or the welfare of the British Empire depends upon the presence of a British naval force at Suakin, everything should be done, at all events, to render that death-trap as endurable as possible. Life is certainly not worth living, except by salamanders, when the mercury stands inexorable at 120 deg. in the shade. Even the most case-hardened Anglo-Indian begins to pant when

the thermometer registers twenty degrees less than that, and seeks to prevent his dried-up tongue from clicking against his palate by lubricating it with iced drinks. But at Suakin the Unlovely there is no ice except for a favoured few; Jack, poor fellow, cannot even get it when he is heat-asphyxiated into hospital. If thirsty—the normal condition of white humanity at this delectable spot during the hot season—he must make the best of luke-warm water, a beverage which entirely fails to cool his burning throat. But why dilate on the miseries of gradual suffocation by heat? Note the awful record of 120 deg. in the shade, and imagine the rest. But this literal stewing of our gallant sailors in their own juice will not be without some compensation if it gives fresh point to the question as to whether England is under any sort of compulsion to keep a naval force at Suakin. The theory is that but for the presence of our ships the Soudanese would swoop down on the place, massacre the garrison, and re-establish the slave-trade. There may have been that danger at one time, but the land-defences have been so strengthened, and the Egyptian troops so improved, as to make its capture almost impossible. At all events, it could stand a long siege, and our ships might therefore pass the hot season in the Eastern Mediterranean, ready to steam to Suakin at the first telegraphic call. But the slave-trade—would not that wicked traffic burst forth into renewed life all along the Red Sea littoral? It might; there are not a few creeks and bays which would serve the purpose almost as well as Suakin. But if that can only be prevented by the annual decimation of British crews, it is just open to question whether England would not be wiser to abandon such an ungrateful labour.

**OPEN SPACES FOR LONDON.**—In a speech which he recently made at the College for Working Women, Mr. Horsley, the Academician, remarked on the great increase in the number of open spaces throughout the metropolis during the last twenty years. In a certain sense this is quite true. Several small parks have been opened during that time; the Thames Embankment Gardens have been laid out on what was formerly, according to the state of tide, an expanse either of shallow water or mud; and lastly, but perhaps most important of all, various comparatively small areas, but chiefly situated in central, thickly-peopled regions, have been laid out as recreation-grounds and opened to the public. Among these are several burial-grounds, and one or two squares, such as Red Lion and Leicester Squares. These small spaces form an inestimable boon to young children and old infirm persons, to whom the large parks, owing to their distance, are practically as inaccessible as if they were miles away in the country. The credit of securing these small areas for the benefit of the public is chiefly due to the energy and perseverance of a few individuals, among whom the Earl of Meath deserves especial recognition. We hope that he and his coadjutors will not slacken their efforts, for much remains to be done. There are still numerous green spots in Central London which, under proper regulations, might be provided with seats and opened to the public; and when London gets its new Government it may be expected that such improvements will be effected less grudgingly than is often the case at present. For, referring to Mr. Horsley's remark, although authorised open spaces may have increased in number, the unauthorised are daily dwindling. In every suburb there are improvised playgrounds on waste tracts of land, which presently pass into the hands of the builder. We want a law passed declaring that for the future a certain liberal proportion of every hundred acres of land set aside for building speculations shall be reserved for public recreative purposes. One good piece of news has to be recorded this week. The Metropolitan Board of Works has at last ratified the Hampstead Heath Extension scheme, so that we may trust that the beautiful slopes of Parliament Hill are permanently rescued from the clutches of the brick-and-mortar fiend. But the new London Government will, we hope, promote such schemes as these, instead of leaving all the trouble to private committees, and dilly-dallying until a consent is squeezed out of them.

**GENERAL BOULANGER AND PRESIDENT CARNOT.**—The results of the elections in the Ardèche and the Dordogne seem to prove decisively that General Boulanger has ceased to be a formidable figure in French politics. This may be due in part to his duel, but it has probably been caused chiefly by the fact that those who were for a time disposed to support him have become tired of the extreme vagueness of his programme. The Republic has not been brilliantly successful, but it is hardly likely that its achievements would be eclipsed by a Saviour of Society who has nothing more definite to propose than "Dissolution and Revision." It may be, too, that the peasantry, who are thoroughly pacific, fear that if the General were raised to supreme power he might try to strengthen his position by dragging the country into the "War of Revenge." Whatever may be the explanation, it is at any rate satisfactory that a movement which threatened to become dangerous has apparently been practically brought to an end; and we may hope that what General Boulanger will now seek to obtain will be an opportunity of resuming his career as a loyal and efficient soldier. Fortunately, at the very time when he has lost his hold over the public, President Carnot has been rising in general esteem. At Grenoble and Romans the President won

golden opinions by the manner in which he discharged his duties, and no doubt he will be equally successful in the many centenary celebrations in which he will have to take part during the next twelve months. President Carnot has no very shining qualities as a statesman, but he has dignity and good sense, and by taking his proper place on great public occasions as the chosen Head of the State, he may do much to increase the popularity of Republican institutions. During M. Grévy's Presidency there was no distinct symbol of the national unity and greatness. Frenchmen of all classes felt that this was needed, and those of them who do not positively dislike the Republic are heartily pleased that President Carnot is evidently resolved to supply, if possible, what has long been so urgently wanted.

**THE VANDELEUR EVICTIONS.**—It cannot be said, with any show of reason, that the refusal of the tenants on the Vandeleur estate to come to terms with their landlord is the consequence of his ill-doing. Among all the great territorial families of Ireland, not one has enjoyed or deserved a higher reputation for kindness and consideration to tenants. Colonel Crofton Vandeleur, the father of the present owner, was always held up as a model landlord. Generous almost to a fault, kindly-natured, loving Ireland and her people with a passionate love, he rarely left his huge estate. Yet, even before his death, the minds of the tenants had been largely poisoned against him, and when his son inherited the property he found it well nigh impossible to collect any rents. Not that they were too high; as a rule, the estate was, and is, very moderately rented. But it had been whispered from Dublin that there were heavy incumbrances on the property, the payment of which would render the "new man" unable to fight a powerful combination. The idea caught the tenantry at once, and the result is what we see, a regular military campaign for the enforcement of the rights of property. The authorities had no alternative; they were bound to give Major Vandeleur aid, or every encumbered estate in Ireland would speedily have been the scene of a strike against rent. That the tenants now regret their ungrateful folly in giving heed to the counsellings of needy agitators is likely enough. But they dare not go back; some of them have frankly stated that even if they were offered their holdings rent free, and all arrears were wiped off, they could not accept until all the others agreed. Such is the Plan of Campaign in practice, whatever it may be in theory—an instrument of more stringent coercion than any Government would dare to employ. Truly, the Irish are a strange people; their mouths are full of denunciations of tyranny, and yet they bow to one form of it with alacrity and seeming cheerfulness.

**NEW OCEAN AND RIVER STEAMBOATS.**—The Thames at London is as a waterway far superior to the Seine at Paris, yet, as regards steamboat accommodation, the Parisians were until quite lately better off than the Londoners. The *bateaux-mouches*, considering the narrowness of the channel which they traverse, were really superior to the old boats which ran between London Bridge and Chelsea, for the latter were small, shabby, often overcrowded, and provided no deck-shelter against heat, cold, or rain. The result was that when the District Railway came into operation, many passengers deserted the "Silent Highway" for the iron-horse, though, as regards health and exhilaration, there can be no comparison between the open and breezy river and the gloom and closeness of the Underground. Now, however, matters have taken a turn, and though this weeping summer has been a most unfavourable season for steam-packet proprietors, the Victoria Steamboat Association have done much to improve both their fleet and their services, and they are now building two steel boats, which, with their awnings and hot-water pipes, ought to make old Father Thames as popular as he was in the days when jolly young watermen feathered their oars with skill and dexterity on his (then) silvery surface. To turn from these above-bridge boats to the new Inman liner the *City of New York*, is like following up a treatise on the mosquito by one on the elephant. But as both the mosquito and the elephant have trunks, so all steamboats have funnels and engines. This new "greyhound of the Atlantic," which is to be on the track on August 1st, and which is confidently expected to "cut the record" of the *Etruria*, is 560 feet long, and has a displacement of 14,500 tons. She will carry, passengers and crew together, nearly two thousand persons, and she has accomplished a speed of over twenty knots an hour, which in the early days of locomotives, would have been thought an excellent pace for a railway train. But her chief peculiarity is that she has been fitted with a twin screw, a method hitherto only adopted in the Royal Navy. This gives her the advantage of two distinct engines and propellers, so that, if an accident should befall one, the other will still be available.

**ZULULAND.**—The debate in the House of Commons on the difficulties in Zululand brought out distinctly the fact that on one point all parties are agreed. This point is, that in the past both Tories and Liberals have seriously erred in their manner of dealing with the Zulus. It is not at all surprising that Dinizulu has ventured to disregard the authority of England. Our policy, not only in Zululand, but in South Africa generally, has been so feeble and vacillating



that he naturally thought it might be worth his while to try to unite the various tribes under his rule, as they were at one time united under the rule of his father. No one wishes that he should be treated harshly, but it is absolutely necessary that his rebellion should be crushed. It is a grave mistake to suppose that, if we allowed him to have his way, the Zulus would have reason to be grateful to us. Usibepu is certainly not less powerful than Dinizulu; and the two chiefs, if left to fight out their quarrel, would bring upon their country frightful calamities, which would probably lead to the supremacy of the Boers, who would be only too glad to find opportunities of extending their territories to the coast. We have made ourselves responsible for the proper government of Zululand, and should cover ourselves with disgrace if we failed to meet so plain an obligation. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Government will do quickly and thoroughly the work that has to be done; and that, having put down all opposition, it will lose no time in supplying the Zulus with an administrative system adapted to their needs. They are undoubtedly the finest of the native races in South Africa, and we shall secure enduring benefit for ourselves as well as for them by winning their confidence and respect.

**THE CHURCH HOUSE.**—A year after date, the Jubilee Memorial of the Church of England has become, to some small extent, an accomplished fact. The Church House is no longer merely a name; it has acquired a local habitation at Westminster, and, although this is of a most modest sort, it may serve to show Church people how great would be the advantages of the proposed edifice. At all events, the promoters can now point to the site and the buildings on it as a proof that the scheme is not dead, as many people believed. Money is also beginning to flow into the treasury, the respectable sum of 3,000*l.* having been subscribed in a fortnight. But if the original estimate is adhered to, somewhere about 200,000*l.* is still required for the Building Fund, and although this may seem a trifle for such an enormously wealthy community to raise, it has to be remembered that Church people have many other calls pressing upon them. These are, for the most part, of an urgent nature, but the building of the Church House can stand over without much harm, and its claims are consequently put aside against that time which never arrives to mortals—the time of superfluous cash. From the first, the proposal failed to create enthusiasm. Launched at an unfortunate moment, it seemed to challenge competition with the Imperial Institute, and also later on with the Clergy Relief Fund. The magic word "Jubilee," with which all manner of institutions endeavoured to conjure last year, did rather harm than good. Not a few Church folks asked why they should separate themselves from the general community in commemorating a reign which had benefited all alike, and this not unwholesome repudiation of sectarian exclusiveness produced not a little shrinkage of the subscription list. It says much, then, for the inherent vitality of the scheme that it has emerged, a tolerably strong and healthy bairn, from these initial vicissitudes.

**AN AMICABLE CORRESPONDENCE ON COTTAGE BREWING.**—Everybody knows the style of thing when public men, on a subject of public interest, send their correspondence to the newspapers. It is a melancholy fact that the writers almost always leave off more ill-temperedly than they began. The "Dear Jones" of the first letter is addressed as "Dear Sir" in the second, and in the last the "Dear" is altogether dropped, and the epistle concludes with "I remain your obedient servant," a hollow form, which in such cases signifies just the opposite of what it seems to mean. In delightful contrast to these melancholy exhibitions of human frailty let us cite a three-cornered correspondence which lately took place between Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Herbert Gardner, and Mr. Goschen on the subject of Cottage Brewing, and which has been duly forwarded to the newspapers for publication. Two years ago, it seems, when Sir William Harcourt was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government repealed the licence for cottage brewing. This was a great boon to country labourers, but recently, in parts of East Anglia, the Excise authorities forbade the practice, thereby causing much heart-burning and annoyance. Urged by Mr. Gardner's representations, Sir William laid the case before Mr. Goschen. Mr. Goschen replied with such courtesy, and also showed so conclusively that the cases wherein the excise-men interfered were cases in which righteously the beer ought not to have escaped paying duty (though adding that he would give the officials a hint not to be too strict henceforward in the interpretation of the law), that he quite softened the heart of the stern Home Rule champion. Sir William had begun his first letter "Sir," and ended "Your obedient servant;" but in the second letter he begins "My dear Chancellor of Exchequer," thanks him heartily for the manner in which he has met the difficulty, and winds up with "Yours very truly." We can only say in conclusion, *O, si sic omnes*, and advise every public man to keep a copy of this correspondence framed and glazed on his dressing-room wall as a wholesome reminder to himself.

**AID FOR HELPLESS GIRLS.**—So many Societies appeal to the community for help that it is hard to win support for any charitable organisation which is not already well known.

We venture to think, however, that the Travellers' Aid Society, for which Mrs. Fawcett has been pleading in the *Times*, will receive, when its claims are understood, as many donations and subscriptions as may be necessary for the attainment of its objects. It often happens that girls arrive at railway-stations and steamboat piers with only a few pence in their pockets, and, as Mrs. Fawcett says, with only the vaguest idea of the address to which they are going. Base wretches, who are always on the outlook for victims, are very ready to take advantage of the perplexity of these young women, and many a sad tale might be told of the frightful consequences which have sprung from their inexperience and helplessness. The object of the Travellers' Aid Society is to befriend girls who may be placed in this perilous position. The Society has an office at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square; and here, at any time of the night or day, "an otherwise friendless girl is always received and kindly taken care of." The aims of the Society are explained by its agents to officials at railway-stations and to stewardesses and others connected with steamboats; and in this way a considerable number of girls, both British and foreign, have been delivered from danger. At present the regular income from subscriptions is only about 43*l.* a year. An income of about 350*l.* a year is necessary, and it ought to be secured without the smallest difficulty. The Society is free from denominational bias, and we shall be surprised if it needs to press its claims frequently on the attention of the public.

**FOREIGN MEAT.**—Lord Lamington carries the public with him in desiring to put a stop to the palming off of foreign meat as British. This practice inflicts injury on two large classes: consumers pay for an inferior article the value of a superior, and producers are subjected to fraudulent competition. But it is far easier to point out the wrong-doing than to prescribe means for its prevention. Lord Lamington believes that this could be effected by compelling dealers who sell foreign meat to make specific announcement of the fact in some conspicuous part of their premises. That condition could, of course, be easily complied with. But would it have the desired effect? The public would not have any stronger guarantee than at present that the beef and mutton they purchased were of British origin. There are not a few meat purveyors in London who already make public the fact of their goods comprising both home and foreign produce. But that does not save some of them from being suspected, rightly or wrongly, of "ringing the changes." The main difficulty of preventing the fraud lies in the impossibility of discriminating between the two varieties in their uncooked state. Chemical analysis could not be successfully employed, as in the case of margarine and other impostures: it would not reveal any difference between New Zealand mutton and prime South Down. Nor is the test of eating altogether trustworthy. There are some imported meats which are decidedly superior, both in flavour, texture, and juiciness, to the inferior quality of English. Lord Onslow had, therefore, abundant reason for the benevolent scepticism with which he regarded Lord Lamington's little Bill. The most that can be said for it is that it may serve as a wholesome warning to butchers of the baser sort to mend their ways. If they do not take the hint, the Legislature will sooner or later discover some way, as it did in the case of margarine, to protect the public from fraudulent practices in meat. Foreign beef and mutton, when sold as such at a fair market price, are boons to thousands; but, when vended as English, they do not come as blessings to men.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**CRUISE TO THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, THE BALTIC, &c.**—The Steam Yacht *Victoria*, 1,804 tons register, 1,500 horse power, R. D. LUNHAM, Commander, will be dispatched from Tribury Docks as follows:—11th August, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fiords; 30th August, for 30 days' cruise to the Baltic. The *Victoria* is always on view between her cruises, has the electric light, bells, and all modern improvements. Apply to MANAGER, S.Y. "VICTORIA" Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

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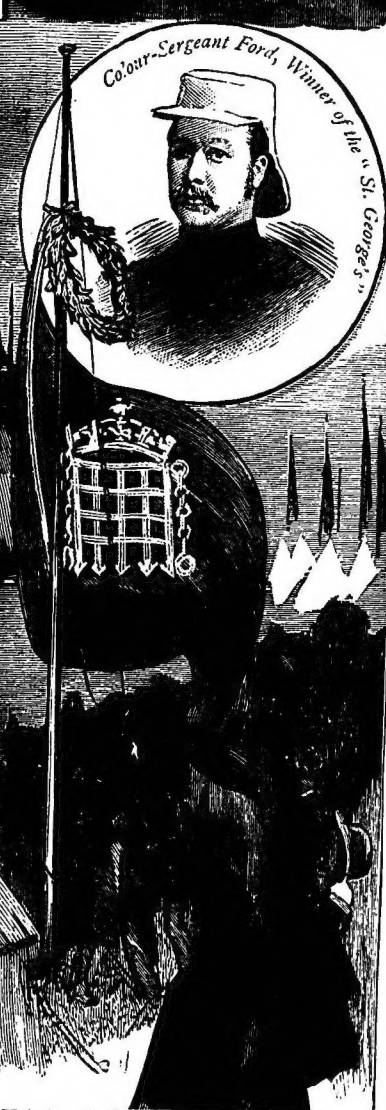
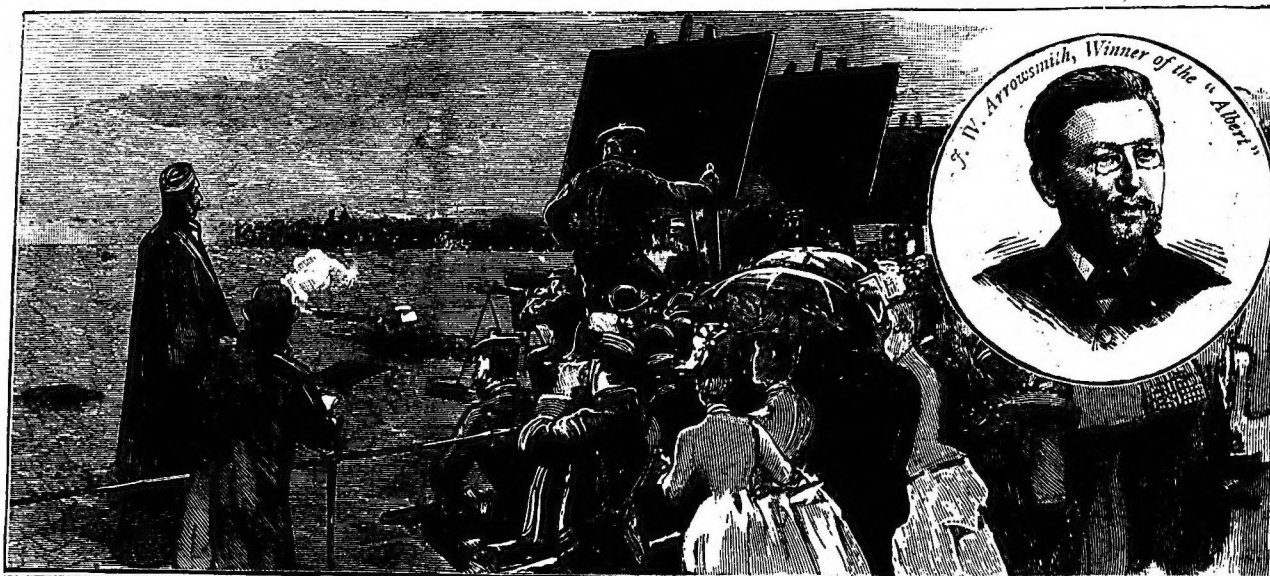
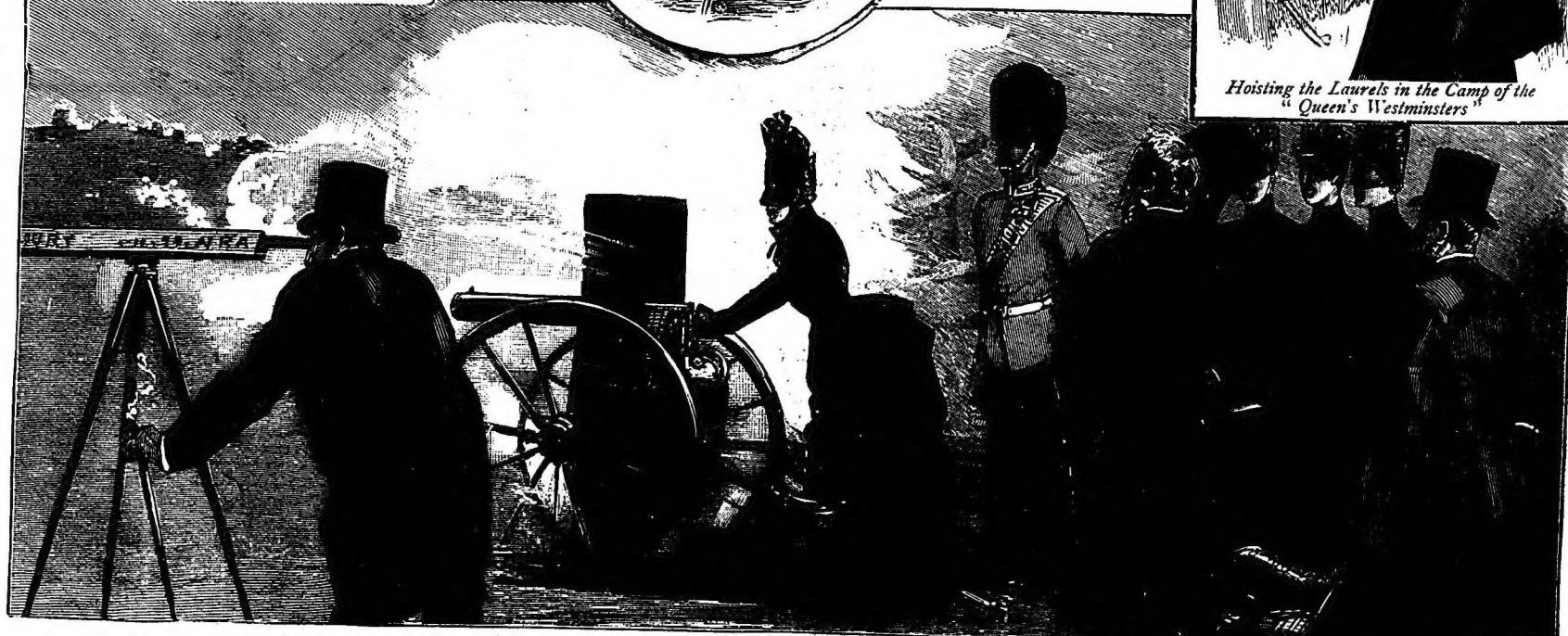
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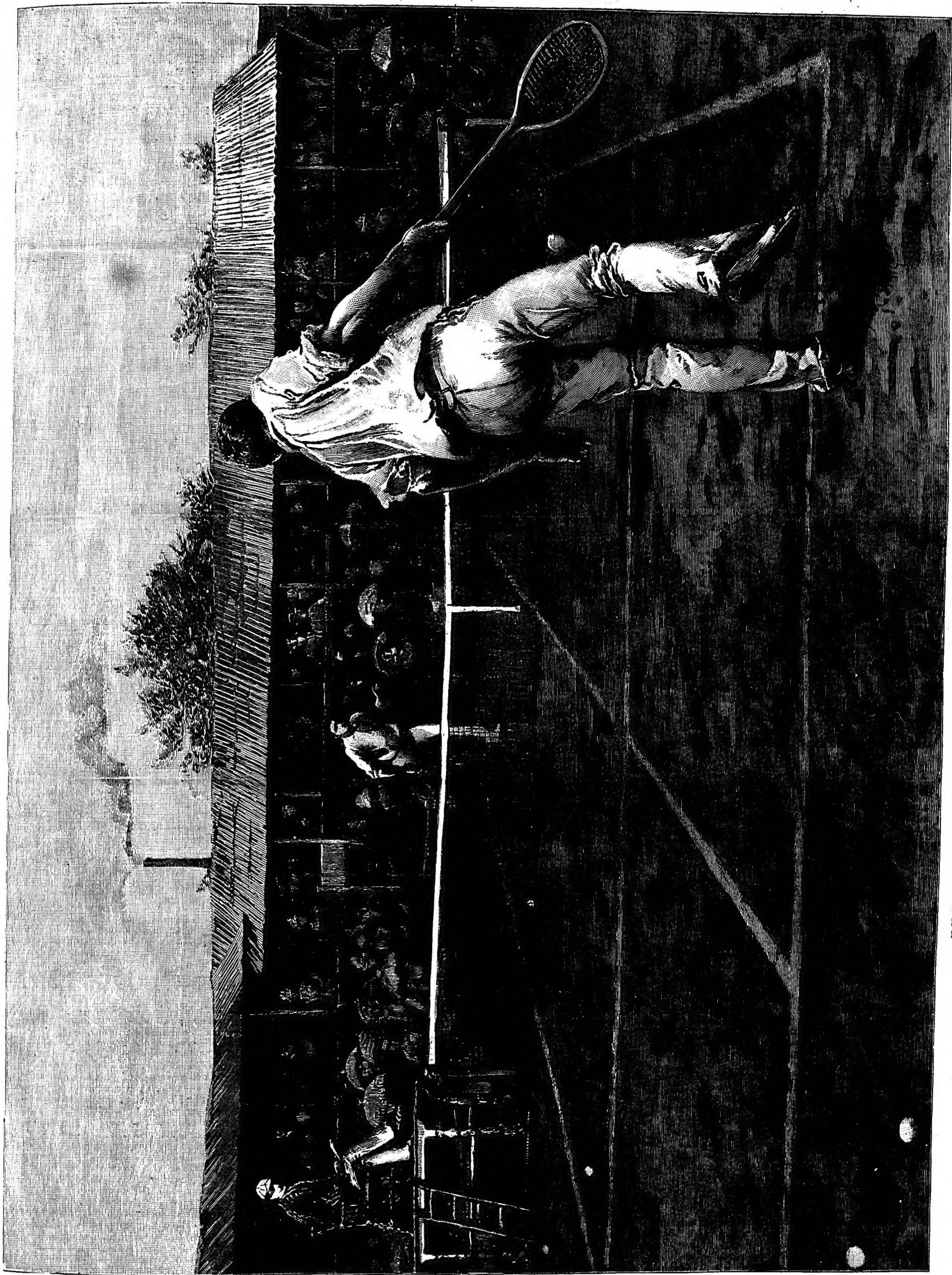
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*"A 'Bull' to Win"—The Last Shot for the Queen's Prize**"Under Fire"—Interviewing the Queen's  
Prizeman**Decorating the Queen's Prizeman**Hoisting the Laurels in the Camp of the  
Queen's Westminsters**H.R.H. The Princess of Wales Firing the Last Shot on Wimbledon Common from the Maxim Gun*

THE LAST MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT WIMBLEDON





THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT WIMBLEDON





### THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY AT PLYMOUTH

THE first of the functions in connection with the celebration of this event took place on the evening of July 18th, when the Exhibition of Armada and Elizabethan relics was opened by the Mayor (Alderman H. J. Waring). Many of the objects have been contributed by Plymothians, but a large number come from a distance. The Exhibition is not large in extent, or in the number of articles shown, but it is certainly unique, and the public should feel grateful to the various noblemen and gentlemen, to the Lords of the Admiralty, to the Trustees of the British Museum, and to other institutions and corporations who have lent objects of interest. It is hoped that one result of this effort will be the formation in Plymouth of a museum of historical and other relics connected with this and other important periods of our national history.

For the main celebration, the 19th July was chosen, because that was the day when the Armada was first sighted from Plymouth. The ceremonies were favoured by fine weather, and excursionists poured in—or tried to pour in—in such numbers from all parts of the West of England that the railway companies were unable to cope with the unexpected traffic, and many persons were left behind. Among the members of the London and Local Committees, who assembled in the Drake Chamber of the Plymouth Guildhall, were Major Martin Froisher, Dr. Henry Drake, and Mr. A. J. Drake, all descendants of the Elizabethan heroes bearing those names. At eleven A.M., the Mayor of Plymouth held in the Council Chamber a reception of the provincial mayors and others who had been invited to take part in the proceedings of the day, after which a procession was formed in the Guildhall Square, and marched to the Hoe. There were detachments from the various regiments of Regulars in the garrison, drafts of seamen from the ships in the harbour, and a body of Volunteers, including the Hon. Artillery Company, which is said to be the most ancient military organisation in the country, having been established in 1537. Then, after a dedicatory prayer from Archdeacon Wilkinson, the Mayor, in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, laid the foundation-stone of the Drake Memorial, which has been designed by Mr. Herbert Gribble, of London and Plymouth, and of which we published an engraving some time ago. The stone was a massive block of Dartmoor granite, weighing  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons. It contained a cavity in which was placed a bottle containing a set of Jubilee coins and a parchment stating how the stone came to be laid. As soon as the Mayor had declared that the stone was well and truly laid, hearty cheers rang out from the spectators, the Royal ensign was flown, a salute of guns was fired, and the massed bands played "God Save the Queen." In the afternoon a representation of Drake's historical game of bowls was played on the citadel green by the members of the Leeds and Torrington Bowling Clubs, in Elizabethan costumes. There were over 20,000 people present, and, after a good game, Leeds was victorious. In the evening a grand historical procession, preceded by the band of the Royal Marines, paraded the principal streets. All the Sovereigns of England, from William I. to William IV., were represented. Queen Elizabeth formed the central figure, and among the tableaux was one representing the game of bowls on the Hoe, the announcement of the approach of the Armada, and the knighting of Sir Francis Drake. In addition there was a grand cavalcade of deputations of all nations, the last being a car containing Queen Victoria seated on a throne, beneath a triumphal arch eighteen feet high, surrounded by representatives of Greater Britain. The pageant was designed and carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Leslie Morton.—The engraving of the game of bowls is from a sketch by Mr. J. Frederick T. Jane, of Honiton; the other engravings are from sketches by the artists employed on the staff of the *Western Figaro*.

### THE LAST OF WIMBLEDON CAMP

AS usual, great excitement characterised the closing stages of the struggle for the Queen's Prize, which took place on July 17th. The state of the contest was as follows:—Wattleworth (Liverpool) had finished with a formidable aggregate (278); Noakes (1st Berks) was in such a position that by an "inner" he could tie, and by a bull's eye he could place himself one point ahead. Fulton, who stood at 275, could therefore be certain of winning if he made a bull's eye. He accomplished the feat, and his success was received with a roar of delight from his comrades in the Queen's Westminsters. Noakes also won a bull's eye with his last shot, and thus took the second place. He deserved all the more credit, because he had to fire with the cheers which greeted his comrade's victory ringing in his ears. Private (now Sergeant) Fulton is a wood-engraver at Battersea. He has been six years in the Queen's Westminsters, and is a member of the 1 Company (commanded by Major Payne), which is one of the best shooting companies in the regiment. He had already won various regimental and other prizes, and made a tie for the St. George's this year. After his victory, he was escorted by the usual triumphal procession. The St. George's, which is one of the most favourite Wimbledon competitions, comprising, as it does, such tempting rewards as the Vase, Dragon Cup, Gold Cup, Silver Jewel, &c., was won this year by Colour-Sergeant Ford, of the 3rd Staffordshire. Lance-Corporal Noakes (1st Berks) won the Silver Medal and Silver Badge in the first stage (200 yards) of the Queen's Prize. The Grand Aggregate Prize was won by Lieutenant Barrett, 2nd V.B.A. and S.H., with 337 points, the competition consisting of eleven shots at various distances. The Albert is an important competition, as the fifty-highest scorers in the first stage compete at a thousand yards for the destination of a single prize, the Albert Jewel. It was won by Quartermaster J. W. Arrowsmith of the 2nd Gloucester, who made 71 points. Saturday, July 21st, was the last day of the last Wimbledon Meeting. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters were present, and the very last shot fired on the Common was discharged by the fair hands of the Princess herself, who fired a Maxim gun, for the trial of which a special target, 70 feet long, had been erected. Its precision and destructive powers were the subject of laudatory comment, for out of 434 bullet holes in the target no less than 255 were in the bull's-eye, and it was generally admitted that no infantry could face so terrible a stream of fire, while against savage tribes it would be absolutely irresistible. The Prince of Wales watched the effect of the Princess's shots through Mr. Gregory's glass, posted specially for the purpose.—Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Sergeant Ford, by Sunderland, 75, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.; Quartermaster Arrowsmith, by Fisher, Clifton; and Sergeant Fulton, by Turnbull and Sons, 49, King William Street, E.C. The portrait of Lieutenant Barrett is from an unnamed photograph.

### THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

IN spite of the uncertainty of the weather, and the saturated condition of the court on several occasions, these contests, which have been taking place both last week and this week at the All-England Club Ground at Wimbledon, have attracted numerous spectators. Details of the several events are given under the head of "Pastimes." It may be observed that, to people who are unfamiliar with the

game, it is less exciting to watch a match between two first-rate performers than between players of far inferior skill. The second-rate player runs about the ground, and displays a vast amount of muscular activity. This enchants the ignorant looker-on, but it really means that the player in question does not know in what direction the stroke from the other side will send the ball. The first-rate player, on the other hand, shows a "perfect ease of motion and stroke, he knows by instinct (that is to say, by perpetual practice) where the ball will be placed next, and it is therefore rarely necessary for him to indulge in any spasmodic efforts.

### NORWEGIAN SALMON FISHING

MR. EDWARD KENNARD, the husband of the lady who has written several very popular novels of a sporting character, has lately published (Chapman and Hall) a book of drawings, entitled "Fishing in Strange Waters." These pictures, several of which are here reproduced on a somewhat smaller scale, give a very faithful idea of the incidents of the "gentle craft" as pursued in Norway, and portray both the pains and pleasures which ensue, with a certain regularity, in all sports.

The sight of these pictures carries us to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," where, if the angler desires it, and circumstances are propitious, he can fish all day, and all night too. The most favourable hour is when the glare is off the water, and the clear stream no longer reflects every object. When sky and river are alike grey, when the snow-crowned mountains lose their dazzling brilliancy, and, putting on an austere and delicate beauty, wrap themselves round in a soft blue haze, and a gentle breeze springs up from the distant fjord, then, as a rule, the sulky salmon rise to inspect if not to swallow the attractive fly presented for their delectation; and once a fine fish is secured, what an enjoyable half-hour succeeds; how the rod bends and the reel spins as he gallantly fights to get out of the pool; with what indignant jerks and flappings of the tail he pulls up short on finding himself checked, and makes another rapid dart in an exactly contrary direction. Most of the Norwegian rivers are strong-running streams, interspersed by boulders and sunken stones. Woe be to the angler if his tackle be not of the best and stoutest; the strain upon it is often enormous; sometimes by main force the piscator has to prevent his captive from making a wild leap over some snowy, tumbling "fos" (waterfall), and so breaking away from him altogether. But what a sport it is! How full of excitement and keen physical pleasure. If it only possessed an equal element of danger, it would stand on the same level as fox-hunting. But one cannot hunt all the year. When the hedgerows array themselves in vernal green, when the trees are bright with tender buds, and the fields are golden with buttercups and dandelions, then the keen sportsman turns enthusiastically to salmon-fishing.

"A Disappointment" shows us what happens when a good fish is too lightly hooked; "A Run for Life" when strong water carries the quarry almost faster than his captor can travel; "Fishing Under Difficulties" when a fair sportsman is somewhat heavily handicapped; "Half-a-Dozen Casts at Daybreak" we are told is a portrait of a very keen sportsman and first-rate fisherman; "Kold Vand Imorgen" (cold water in the morning) is suggestive of a decidedly refreshing tub; "A Norwegian Kitchen" gives an insight into domestic economy, where, in the absence of drawers, everything, as in the picture, hangs on the walls; "The Sort of Thing you Read about but very seldom See" represents a salmon jumping at the fly, his capture usually being more often realised by a gradual lightning of the cast, and that delightful click which gives notice that more line is wanted.—"A Moment of Uncertainty" is luckily a moment of rare occurrence, which should never happen to a sure-footed gaffer.—"Ikke Fiske" (no fish) is, we trust, equally uncommon; while we have much greater pleasure in contemplating a pretty visitor in doubt where to place her dainty foot, or how to secure the evasive prey which, judging from the position of the rod, seems likely to escape.—"Luncheon" is a picture that requires no explanation; nor indeed does "A Satisfactory Evening," as in both cases the good things in store speak for themselves.—We conclude our notice with "Tailing a Ten-Pounder," with advice not to leave the gaff behind when the chances of sport seem propitious.

### FANCY FAIR AT OLYMPIA

ON July 17th at the Irish Exhibition (in the Old Irish Market Place), a fancy fair was opened, at which there was a brilliant display of goods of various kinds, many of them Irish, presided over by a fashionable and distinguished array of stall-keepers. Among these ladies were H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, who, for the opening, presided at the stall of the Marchioness of Salisbury. The fair remained open until the following Friday, and, to judge from the crowded state of the market, a good business was done. The various things sold at the quaint stalls and booths were not distinctively Irish, but there was some capital specimens of Irish work well worthy of attention.

### THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

THE difficulty in all operations of this kind is to attain a fair approximation to the conditions of actual warfare. To some extent this is effected by the sub-division of the opposing forces. Thus, the "A" squadron and the "B" squadron are opposed to each other as hostile fleets, and the endeavour of the stronger fleet will be to blockade the weaker in the port or ports to which the latter may be assumed to have been driven by the superior strength of the supposed enemy. But, besides this, each squadron is organised under two divisions, the first division of the "A" squadron, under Admiral Baird, being told off to operate against the first division of the "B" squadron under Admiral Tryon; while, in like manner, in the two second divisions, Admiral Rowley is pitted against Admiral Fitzroy. Our engraving depicts the "B" squadron, which on the 19th July reached Lough Swilly, that magnificent inlet on the north coast of Ireland, leading to Londonderry. Opposite Buncrana a whole fleet of men-of-war can lie at anchor, and the inhabitants were delighted by the display of the electric light. The naval manœuvres began in-right earnest on Tuesday, when war was supposed to be declared, with a smart engagement between the blockading squadron and Admiral Fitzroy's blockaded squadron in Lough Swilly.

### A VILLAGE PHILHARMONIC REHEARSAL

IN the good old days, forty years or more ago, a gathering such as is here depicted would have met for the purpose of church practice. At that remote period, the congregations of village churches were dependent for the instrumental part of their music on a body of local enthusiasts, who performed respectively on the flute, clarinet, fiddle, and double bass, and who often met for the purpose of practice in the snug parlour of the Red Lion or the Green Dragon. The gradual introduction of organs, especially of the cheap American type, caused the services of these veterans to be no longer needed, and their place is now taken by the parson's wife or his daughter, or by the village schoolmistress. But the rapid extension of musical teaching and musical education has latterly revived the ancient band of performers; they have reappeared, although under somewhat altered conditions. It is rare to find a village nowadays where there is not a musical society of some sort for the practice of part-singing. Not only are glees and madrigals attempted, but also an occasional cantata or selection from an oratorio, and when they meet

for practice, albeit there is a cold severity about the village school-room which makes one sigh for the snugness of the inn parlour, nevertheless the scene vividly recalls, to those who are on the downward track of life, reminiscences of similar gatherings in the far-distant days when Queen Victoria was quite a young woman, and when we were young also.

### THE ENGLISH LAKES, I.

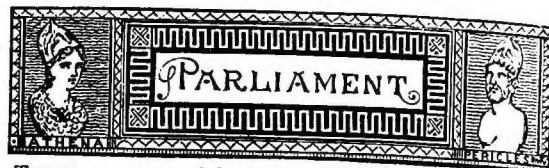
See pp. 93 et seqq.

### "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleonor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 101.

### PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, V.—SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R.A.

See page 105.



THERE were several interesting speeches in the course of the debate on the second reading of the Parnell Commission Bill. But not less significant were two brief intervals of silence. The first took place on Monday night, after Mr. Parnell had resumed his seat. Mr. Smith had moved the second reading in a characteristic speech, full of those genial commonplaces in which the House has come to take a subtle delight, the recurrence of which it looks forward to with smiling countenance, and, when the familiar phrases are uttered, hails them with hilarious cheering. The House was at this time wonderfully empty, considering the importance of the business and the curiosity which centred upon it. In the odd arrangement of business which has marked critical stages through the Session, the Parnell Commission Bill, instead of being put down as the first Order of the Day, with the Twelve o'Clock Rule suspended, and the consequent certainty of the debate being disposed of within the limits of a single sitting, was placed after the Order for the Report of Supply, which involved a desultory and very unreal debate on affairs in Zululand. This had drifted on close up to the dinner hour, and members had gone away, every one pledged to be back in good time to hear what might be left of the debate on the Commission Bill, at any rate before the division might be impending.

Undaunted by the appearance of the House, Mr. Parnell followed Mr. Smith, and spoke for upwards of an hour in a white heat of passion. All his habitual composure and fashion of frigid speech have disappeared since he stood before the House of Commons face to face with a deliberate indictment of complicity in murder. On Monday, as on an earlier occasion, he scorned to assume the position of defendant. He was the accuser, pointing with outstretched hand at the Treasury Bench, where Mr. Smith sat with more or less successful effort to look indifferent, and the Attorney-General attentively listened with head bowed over folded arms. Another attentive listener was Mr. Gladstone, who had made the sacrifice of dinner, which was more than four-fifths of the House could be induced to offer up on the altar of public duty.

It was when Mr. Parnell resumed his seat that the first pause befell. According to usage in debate in the House of Commons the next speaker might have been expected to rise from the Ministerial side. Mr. Smith had spoken, Mr. Parnell had replied, and it was naturally expected that rejoinder should be made from the opposite benches, a speaker from the Treasury Bench being in the circumstances naturally looked for. But the Attorney-General made no sign in response to the calls for him, which were answered by shouts from the Conservatives of "Gladstone! Gladstone!" Mr. Gladstone half rose from his seat with eyes fixed on the Treasury Bench, making several feints of giving way to a Minister who never moved,—pretty to see in a veteran statesman of simple and dignified manners. This little comedy was played for fully sixty seconds, and then, since no one else would speak, Mr. Gladstone thundered forth his expression of surprise that after the speech of Mr. Parnell, and the explicit demands made upon the Government, no Minister had risen to answer.

The other pause came just before midnight on Tuesday. Consequent upon the blundering tactics in Monday night's arrangements the debate had run into a second sitting. At the outset it seemed impossible that a stage of the Bill on which there was even ostentatious absence of opposition could be maintained throughout the night. Up to seven o'clock it was confidently predicted that the thing must lapse in the dinner-hour, and, indeed, towards nine o'clock the sitting ran a narrow chance of being snuffed out by a count. Mr. Labouchere, who had placed on the paper a notice to move the rejection of the Bill, had yielded to the solicitation of Mr. Parnell, and refrained from persisting in his motion. Sir Joseph M'Kenna, whose action in a similar direction had been publicly denounced and disowned by Mr. Parnell, was never heard of. Mr. Hunter, who also had tabled a notice to move the rejection of the Bill, was content with such demonstration. Still, no one could say what might happen; and when the Attorney-General sat down, after a vigorous defence of his action as counsel for the *Times*, silence fell upon the House, and all the world wondered what would happen next. Mr. Morley had looked as if he were going to follow the Attorney-General. But if that had been his intention he abandoned it. The Speaker slowly rose, and put the question that the Bill be now read a second time. There were a few cries of "Aye," no answering shout of "No," the Speaker declared the "Ayes" had it, and, amid laughter and a burst of hilarious conversation, the crowded audience broke up, and the Bill was read a second time.

The proceedings of the week have been otherwise varied by the raising of a question of breach of privilege. This was Lord Randolph Churchill's last contribution to the harmony of the House before setting forth on his pilgrimage to the Pyrenees. Mr. Conybeare, peremptorily called to order by the Speaker in the House of Commons, had vilified the right hon. gentleman in a letter addressed to an evening journal. There was no doubt about the libellous character of the communication, or of the technical breach of the privileges of the House. Whether it was worth while to elevate Mr. Conybeare on a pillory, however undignified, was quite another question, upon which the House of Commons and the public have freely expressed their opinion. But any member, of whatever status, from Sir Charles Lewis to Lord Randolph Churchill, can work his will with the hapless House of Commons when he invokes the fetish of privilege, and thus the greater part of Friday night, sorely needed for the public service, was wasted in a wrangle concerning Mr. Conybeare, and what Mr. Conybeare had said about the Speaker. In the end a resolution was unanimously passed, declaring that the letter was "a gross libel on the Speaker, and deserved the severest condemnation of the House." Lord Randolph Churchill proposed, by way of punishment, that Mr. Conybeare should be suspended from the service of the House for the remainder of the Session. It was on this that the long debate turned. Mr. Labouchere proposed that the sentence should be reduced to suspension for fourteen days. Lord Randolph Churchill, however, stood by his original resolution. Mr. Smith,



great at compromises, proposed that Mr. Conybeare should be suspended for a month, and after a division this was agreed to.

The practical loss of Friday night and the appropriation of Monday and Tuesday for discussion of the Parnell Commission Bill finally brought home to the Government the impossibility of any longer resisting the necessity of an Autumn Session. When the remaining half of the Local Government Bill suddenly ran through Committee in a single night, Mr. Smith's sanguine nature eagerly welcomed the prospect of winding up the business of the Session with a moderate extension of the sittings through August, and so avoiding the Autumn Session. But by Tuesday this expectation had finally to be abandoned, and a re-arrangement of the programme, in accordance with the statement made on Thursday night, was forthwith begun. Instead of pressing forward with Supply the House on Wednesday unexpectedly found itself engaged in consideration of the Report stage of the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, one of the great measures of vast commercial importance that have been threshed out in Grand Committee. This stage was passed with a happy despatch that is promising for other measures occupying the same position. The harmony of a useful afternoon was, at the close, broken in upon by the announcement by the Speaker that Mr. O'Kelly had been arrested, upon which the Irish members angrily talked for nearly half-an-hour.



**POLITICAL.**—Mr. Balfour, who with Sir Frederick Leighton, was admitted a freeman of the Grocer's Company on Wednesday, in a spirited speech at a subsequent banquet of the Company pointed out that the administration of Ireland under Mr. Gladstone had been far more coercive than his own, and stated his belief that the late Premier would, if he had the power, burn the whole of Hansard between the years 1880 and 1885. The present Government had diminished agrarian crime in Ireland by more than 30 per cent, and intimidation and boycotting in a far greater degree, while there are now fewer persons in Irish prisons than before the Crimes Act was passed. On the same day, Mr. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, at Alford, defended, and Lord Rosebery, at Stanstead, attacked the Government proposal of a Commission on "Parnellism and Crime."—Sir U. Kay Shuttleworth, M.P., who was present, contradicts the statement made by a news-agent that the private meeting this week of Lancashire Gladstonian M.P.'s was held "to organise opposition to Lord Hartington in the Rossendale Division." He does not, however, intimate that such a step was not then discussed and decided on. The Conservative and Liberal Unionists of the Rotherham Division of Yorkshire have resolved to bring forward Lord Hartington at the next General Election in opposition to the sitting member, Mr. Arthur Acland (G).

**THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE** was the occasion of a reception by the Earl and Countess of Spencer, at Spencer House, on Wednesday, when Lord Granville, on the part of 116 friends, presented them with their portraits, painted by Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. Herkomer respectively, and three massive silver cups. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone expressed their thanks. A number of Mr. Gladstone's former Ministerial colleagues were present, among them Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, Lord Herschell, and Sir William Harcourt.

**IRELAND.**—Mr. O'Kelly, M.P. for North Roscommon, who, in the course of a varied and adventurous career, acted as a special correspondent of the *Daily News* in the Soudan, was arrested in London on Tuesday night, and taken in custody to Dublin on a warrant charging him with having on the 20th June, in a speech delivered at Boyle, County Roscommon, incited his hearers not to give evidence at a Crimes' Act judicial inquiry about to be held there.—Negotiations for a settlement having failed through the exorbitant demands of the local priests, who profess to represent the tenants, evictions on the Vandeleur estate were resumed on Tuesday. The police were assailed with boiling water, and had to use the battering-ram before their purpose was effected. In one of several evictions which followed on Wednesday, a desperate resistance was offered. The police were assailed with hot water and lime, and charged, using their batons freely, through a break made by the battering ram. Connell, the occupier, and his son were wounded on the head. A bottle, supposed to contain vitriol, was found in the house. In most cases several years' rent was due, and eviction could have been avoided by the payment of a year's rent less 33½ per cent.; but to have accepted this offer would have entailed boycotting on the tenant, and it seems that, if he consents to be evicted without active resistance, he is refused an allowance from the League Fund.—Among the witnesses examined this week at the coroner's inquest on the death of Mr. Mandeville was Dr. McCabe, formerly the medical member of the Prison Board. In consequence of reports on the subject, he visited and medically examined, in Tullamore Gaol, on the 19th of November, Mr. Mandeville, who then appeared to him to be in vigorous health. He was asked whether—on the assumption that Mr. Mandeville was eight days' on punishment diet (for refusing to conform to prison regulations)—he thought that it could have injured the prisoner's health, and he replied that, in his judgment, it would not. He also stated that, from a medical point of view, the enforcement of the rule that prisoners should wear the prison garb had a very beneficial effect. Dr. Ridley, the visiting physician to Tullamore gaol, who was to have been examined at the inquest, committed suicide last week, after having for some time been much depressed through recent attacks made on him in connection with the death of Mr. Mandeville. After the imprisonment of the latter and Mr. W. O'Brien, an attempt was made to boycott him, which ceased, however, when the prisoners, on being released, intimated that he had treated them with the utmost kindness and consideration.

**WHATEVER THE CLASSES OF PERSONS** not wanted as emigrants by the Colonies, one class all of them want and welcome, namely, agricultural labourers. A feeling has grown up of late years that proper preliminary training would fit many of the unemployed of our large towns for agricultural labour. The feasibility of adapting workhouse administration so as to bestow this training on able-bodied men was this week considered at a conference of Metropolitan Poor-Law Guardians, when a paper advocating it was read by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, who proposed that those who proved efficient should be offered "a fixed tenure of land in England or emigration to the Colonies." A resolution in favour of the appointment of a committee to consider and report upon the proposal was carried by twenty votes to two, and it was stated that the committee in connection with the Mansion House Fund intend, this autumn, to try a scheme of the kind.—At the centenary banquet of the Philanthropic Society, Lord Onslow, who presided, said of the boys who, after being trained to agricultural labour at Redhill, were sent to the Colonies, 75 per cent. have done well.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—On the last day of the final meeting of the Volunteers at Wimbledon the first cyclist prize was won by the team of the Second Warwick, the members of which came, it is believed, from Coventry, the town which is the true home of the cycle.—At the beginning of the week the amount of the street collection on Hospital Saturday exceeded by 500l. any former one.—An anti-sweating demonstration, promoted by the Social Democrats,

came off in Hyde Park on Sunday, the orators including the inevitable Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., and the Rev. Mr. Stewart Headlam. Among the resolutions adopted was one in favour of a general Eight Hours' Bill.—The moribund Metropolitan Board of Works have agreed to carry out the Hampstead Heath Enlargement Act by a payment of 149,500l., relying on the contribution of 50,000l. from the Charity Commissioners, and the acquisition of Clissold Park has, at last, been secured for North London and the public in general.—The Governors of Christ's Hospital have resolved by an overwhelming majority to protest against the new scheme for its future administration, an outline of which has already appeared in our columns, and on which the Judicial Committee of Privy Council will soon adjudicate.

**OUR OBITUARY** includes the death of the Dowager Lady Gerard; in her seventy-ninth year, of Lady Filmer, widow of Sir Edmund Filmer, eighth Baronet; in her fifty-fourth year, of Lady Paston-Cooper; in his fifty-second year, of Sir John Swale, Bart., who is described as having been for several years not only proprietor, but landlord of the Royal Oak Hotel, Knaresborough; in his eighty-ninth year, of the Rev. James Thomas, Prebendary of St. David's; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Evelyn Bazalgette, Q.C., for many years a Chancery barrister in extensive practice; and in his seventy-seventh year, of Dr. George T. Gream, long a prominent physician in London, who attended the present Dowager Empress of Germany in most of her confinements, and was physician-accoucheur to the Princess of Wales.



No great literary merit can be claimed for *The Union Jack*, the new romantic drama by Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy with which the ADELPHI, reconstructed in great part and now lighted throughout by electricity, re-opened its doors last week. The authors, however, know the tastes of their audiences, and they have produced a play which, while it is harmless enough, furnishes the playgoer who delights in patriotic melodramas with three hours of genuine entertainment. *The Union Jack* is, perhaps, more suggestive in the popular mind of the Navy than of the Army; but, at the Adelphi, it floats over both the services, while it associates sailors and soldiers with some scenes ashore which have no particular flavour either of the nautical or the military profession, and belong rather to the domain of domestic drama. The new play is a sort of blend between *In the Ranks* and *The Harbour Lights*, with a dash of the earlier form of Adelphi drama. Anyway, the brew is found entirely to the taste of Messrs. Gatti's patrons, who hailed the successive changes from the luxurious village to the rose-covered cottage, from the gun-deck of H.M.S. *Wellesley* to the drawing-room of Sir Philip Yorke, from the lady's boudoir to the snowy landscape with the old toll-bar, with boundless delight.

Of course it is the old story of "beautie brought to unworthie wretchedness," and manly heroism temporarily overpowered by the machinations of thoroughgoing scoundrels who, unlike a good many of their kind in real life, know themselves to be thoroughgoing scoundrels, and glory in the fact even in their "asides" and soliloquies. But let us be just to the invention of the authors. Though one of these rogues would fain steal from the gallant hero the hand and fortune of his lady love, and would go to any lengths to involve his rival in disgrace and ruin, a touch of freshness is derived from the circumstance that Jack Medway's chronic struggle with these incarnations of evil arises not so much from this well-worn situation as from his noble efforts to protect the honour and avenge the wrongs of a beloved and orphan sister. Credit, too, is due to them for the daring, or, as some have held, the absolutely impracticable feat of dispensing with a scheming iniquitous lawyer. Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy's arch villain is not an attorney, nor an attorney's clerk, nor a steward, nor even a process server. He is simply an army contractor. Who, that recalls certain revelations regarding the qualities of the arms and the food supplied to our gallant defenders, who will care to say that there is anything strained or far-fetched in this association of professional and private villany? For the display of the subtler qualities of acting there is, on this occasion, no more scope than generally falls to the lot of the performer in pieces of this class. Mr. Terriss, we need scarcely say, is very picturesquely energetic; Miss Millward, as the faithful heroine, moves us, alternately, to pity and admiration; Miss Helen Forsyth, in the lighter part of the heroine's sister, lacks only a little more natural and spontaneous tone and manner to do justice to her pleasing presence; and Miss Clara Jecks as the rustic coquette, who plays her sailor lover against her soldier adorer with such abundant adroitness, bears her full share in some of the most amusing scenes in the play. Mr. Beveridge as the army contractor, and Mr. Cartwright as a profligate and odious captain in the army, were hooted and hissed; but only on moral, as distinguished from artistic grounds. So far this was a triumph; for it is believed that when the late Mr. Charles Mathews played the atrocious hero in *Escaped from Portland*, it was his absolute inability to provoke a single hiss that both chagrined and convinced him that his vocation lay not in that direction.

The nine years' reign of Messrs. Hare and Kendal at the ST. JAMES'S was brought to a close on Saturday evening, and ere long this theatre will pass into the hands of Mr. Rutland Barrington, the well-known actor of the Savoy Company. A crowded and a friendly audience assembled to bid farewell, and to shower bouquets at the feet of Mrs. Kendal, who remained a silent member of the managerial trio, while her husband and Mr. Hare in turn delivered a valedictory address. Mr. Hare, as already announced, is preparing to take upon himself the management of the GARRICK Theatre, the new house which Mr. Gilbert is having built near Charing Cross. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are going on a long provincial tour, taking with them a new play by Mr. Pinero.

The run of *La Tosca* at the LYCEUM has been extended, owing to the great success of the performance. On Monday evening Madame Sarah Bernhardt appears in *Francillon*.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who has won so great a reputation in America, makes his appearance at the LYCEUM, on August 4th, in the version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in which he has played the dual part of the hero already many times in the United States. Mr. Bandmann is also preparing to appear in another version of the same story at the OPERA COMIQUE, where Mrs. Bernard Beere has just brought her season to a close. It appears to have been a neck-and-neck race between Mr. Bandmann and Mr. Mansfield, the latter winning by two nights only. Mr. Bandmann accordingly makes his first appearance on Monday, August 6th. Mr. Stevenson has sanctioned Mr. Mansfield's version; and it is said that he has sanctioned Mr. Bandmann's version also.

The performances of *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy* at TERRY'S Theatre are for the present at an end, and clever little Miss Vera Beringer and the other members of the company have departed to fulfil a round of provincial engagements. Next Christmas we are to see them once more in Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's beautiful play.

We lately chronicled the production of Mr. W. Calvert's skillful and effective version of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, at SADLER'S WELLS. It appears that yet another version of the same story is to be produced at the GAIETY by Miss Sophie Eyre. The author is Mr. John Coleman.



**SNOWBALLING IN JULY** is a decided novelty in England. But in the Lake district on Wednesday week snow fell so heavily during the early morning that the men going to work at the smelt mills at Nent-Head engaged in a regular snowball match worthy of January.

**MR. EDISON HAS SOLD HIS PHONOGRAPH PATENT** for America to a rival inventor, the owner of the graphophone. By this transaction he pockets over 200,000l., whilst retaining his foreign rights in the phonograph. The new owner intends to bring out thousands of the instruments within a very short time.

**ANOTHER SOLITARY TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC** is now being made. Unfortunately, the little *Dark Secret* has met with very rough weather on her way from Boston to Queenstown, so that her occupant, Captain Anderson, could barely keep her from foundering. When last heard of, the vessel had been re-fitted and re-victualled by an American fishing schooner, and was continuing her voyage.

**ROYAL PRINCES** with little to do, and no prospect of a throne, may well follow the example set them by the Bavarian Royal Family. For some years past Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria has been practising most successfully as an oculist, giving advice and treatment gratis, both in his hospital on the Tegernsee, and at his winter residence at Meran. Now young Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, nephew of the Regent Luitpold, has just finished his medical studies, and is duly qualified to practise.

**QUEEN NATALIE OF SERBIA**, whose matrimonial disagreements have caused so much trouble, is certainly one of the loveliest Queens in Europe. Though Russian by birth she shows nothing of the Slav type, but is of true Oriental beauty. She is very dark, with pure brunette skin, brilliant complexion, and splendid soft black eyes. Her hair is black and most luxuriant, and is worn in a thick coil, covering the top of her head. Full red lips show fine teeth, and the somewhat haughty expression of the Queen's countenance is matched by her tall stately figure and imperious bearing.

**THE FIRST OF THE FIVE FREE LIBRARIES** to be organised in the parish of Lambeth was opened at Norwood on Saturday. The building stands at the foot of Knight's Hill, West Norwood, near the Cemetery, and is a handsome red-brick structure of Flemish style. Busts of various literary celebrities ornament the front of the Library, which has cost 4,050l., collected by public subscription, while the site is also a gift. There are two spacious reading-rooms, at present containing about 5,000 volumes. The Library is open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., including Sundays.

**THE IDENTITY OF THE "WHITE PASHA"** in the Bahr-el-Gazel province is still disputed, though all accounts agree that the European is marching towards Khartoum. In Suakim he is believed to be Mr. Stanley, while Cairo opinion considers him to be Emin Pasha. At all events he is accompanied by an armed force, and some messengers speak of his companions wearing hats. The Khalifa is in a great fright at the White Pasha's approach, especially as he has recently had a prophetic vision of his own death. Serious dissensions exist among the Khalifa's followers, and the dervishes, while, to make matters worse, the people of Darfour support the mysterious white man, having, it is stated, sent an ultimatum to the Khalifa to surrender Khartoum.

**BELGIAN POPULAR FÊTES** are now in full swing, this being the season of Kermesses in every provincial town of any importance. The Flemings are rather rough and loud in their rejoicings, and particularly delight in the most far-fetched and noisy competitions in addition to the usual shooting and musical contests. Thus at one Kermesse there was a competition of hand-organs, played painfully out of tune, at another fair several portly Flemish matrons tried who could drink the most coffee, whilst their husbands contested the honour of making the most hideous grimace—like the old English practice of grinning through a horse-collar. The greatest novelty, however, was at Heyst-sur-Mer, where there was an elaborate "lying competition," and the winner went home proudly with a framed certificate, stating that he was the biggest liar in the neighbourhood.

**PETERHOF**, where the Czar has been entertaining William II. of Germany, was built by Peter the Great in 1720, in imitation of Versailles. It stands in the midst of a beautiful park and gardens, reaching to the seashore, and commands extensive sea-views across the Gulf of Cronstadt. Enlarged by Catherine II., and restored by the Emperor Nicholas, the Palace consists of three portions—a central three-storied pavilion with gilded cupola, united by glass-roofed corridors to side pavilions with slated roofs and white and yellow walls. The interior is very handsome, and many of the rooms are most interesting memorials of dead and gone Russian Sovereigns, left just as their owners quitted them. Thus William II. was quartered in the apartments of the great Empress Catherine, religiously preserved with their original decorations of red satin and magnificent Dresden china. Close by is the Portrait Gallery, filled with "professional beauties" of past centuries—not very lovely to modern eyes. Then comes the "Standard Gallery," just as it was under the Emperor Nicholas; Peter the Great's Study, adorned with splendid wood-carving, and a mosaic portrait of the famous Czar; and two reception rooms elaborately embellished with white stucco and massive glass chandeliers, dating from the Great Peter. Lastly, the Stone Hall, where the State banquet took place during the Emperor's stay—a gorgeous room, hung with tapestries representing Peter the Great on Lake Ladoga, a curious naval battle, and several portraits of Czarinas. For this State banquet, by the by, 5,000 roses were used as table decorations, and in front of the two Sovereigns was a perfect bed of yellow roses bordered with dark blue cornflowers, the traditional German *Kaiser-blumen*. The gardens of Peterhof are splendidly laid out, and sparkle with the most gorgeous rare flowers, gilded statues, and fountains constantly playing over gilded terraces. Other palaces stand in the Park—Monplaisir, a Dutch summer house, where the Great Peter sometimes slept; Marly, another of his pet residences, simply furnished in white wood, and where his old dressing-gown still hangs in his bedroom; Catherine II.'s "Birch Cottage," with its straw thatch and mirrored interior; La Ferme, an imitation of the Trianon; and Alexandria, where the younger members of the Imperial Family usually live.

**LONDON MORTALITY** slightly increased last week, when the deaths numbered 1,297 against 1,288 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 9, although no less than 539 below the average. The death-rate also went up to 15·8 per 1,000, having during the past three weeks been 5·7 below the usual mean. There were 62 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 10), 33 from whooping-cough (an increase of 1), 25 from measles (a decrease of 1), 15 from diphtheria (a fall of 9), 14 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 8 from enteric fever (a decline of 4), 2 from choleraic diarrhoea (a fall of 1), and 1 from small-pox. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 166 from 164, and were 25 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths, of which 49 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,385 births registered, a decrease of 165, and 374 below the usual return.





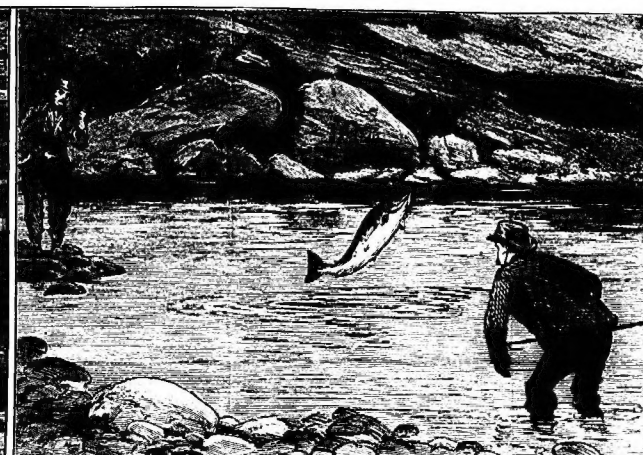
LUNCHEON



A SATISFACTORY EVENING



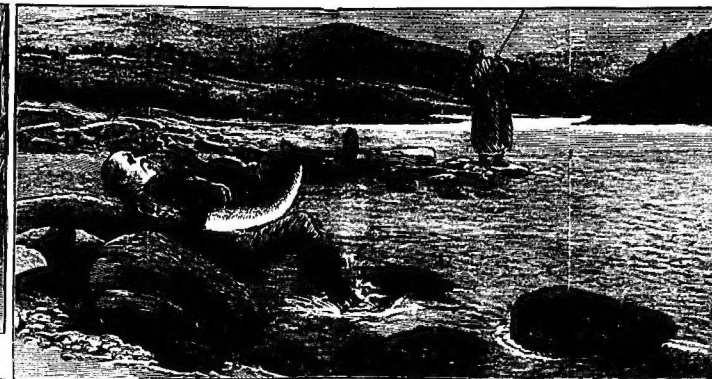
HALF-A-DOZEN CASTS AT DAYBREAK



A DISAPPOINTMENT



A NORWEGIAN KITCHEN



A MOMENT OF UNCERTAINTY



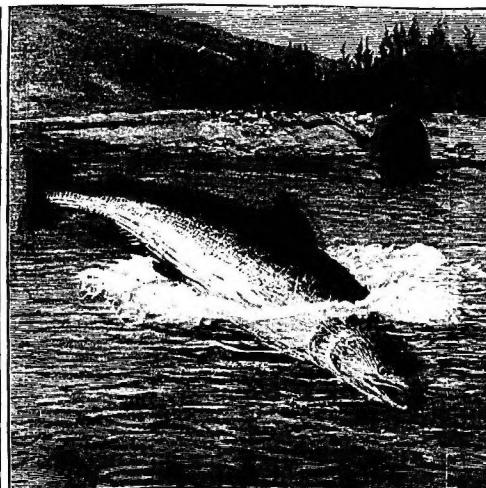
KOLDT VAND IMORGEN



FISHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES



A RUN FOR LIFE, ENDING IN A KILL IN THE OPEN



THE SORT OF THING YOU READ ABOUT, BUT VERY SELDOM SEE



A PRETTY VISITOR HOOKS HER FIRST FISH



TAILING A TEN-POUNDER

# SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY FROM SKETCHES BY EDWARD KENNARD





THE Imperial meeting at Peterhof has passed off with every sign of cordiality and success. Indeed, Emperor William was so pleased with his hearty welcome that he remained an additional day, not leaving until Monday. Moreover, this warm greeting came not only from the Imperial Family and official circles, but also from the Russian public at large, who at the different spectacles were allowed quite near the Imperial party—an unusual freedom in cautious Russia. During the German Emperor's five days' stay every moment was occupied by festivities of various kinds—banquets, official visits and receptions, fireworks, illuminations, and, above all, important military displays. Most brilliant army manoeuvres were held at Krasnoe Selo, where the Russian troops distinguished themselves so as to win the highest praise from soldierly Emperor William, who complimented them in their own tongue, and on one occasion put himself at the head of his Viborg regiment to lead it past the Czar. William II.'s genial manners and good spirits delighted the Russians beyond expectation, and they were especially gratified that he took every opportunity to speak Russian, and showed such affection towards the Czar and his family. Honours and decorations were exchanged on both sides, from the Sovereigns down to the members of the respective suites; Prince Henry and the Czarévitch were nominated commanders of Russian and German regiments, and the Sovereigns finally parted on board the *Hohenzollern* off Cronstadt with repeated embraces and affectionate farewells. The Czar inspected the German vessels as a parting honour, and Emperor William then steamed off to Stockholm to visit the Swedish Court.

At present the political aspect of the visit is regarded as most hopeful. It is generally acknowledged that no great immediate results can be expected, nor will the public be let into the diplomatic secrets of the interview. But nevertheless the warm personal friendship of the two Monarchs is a firm guarantee that the Empires are knit together with no mere formal diplomatic bond. A good moral effect in dissipating misunderstandings is looked for rather than any material result which would fetter either nation in the way of alliances. The Emperors have had the fullest opportunity of understanding each others' aims and intentions, while the most serious business of the meeting has been carried on between M. de Giers and Count Herbert Bismarck, who have further been closeted with the respective Monarchs in turn. There is some inclination abroad to declare that Prince Bismarck's absence from the interview shows that he was not quite so anxious to court Russia as his Imperial master, but stayed away to keep his hands free. Yet the Prince and the Emperor are not much divided in opinion, as Emperor William is going to visit the Chancellor on his way home. Still, Prince Bismarck's organ, the *North German Gazette*, flatly remarked that "Russia can give us nothing that we do not already possess," and it is further noteworthy that whilst the two Monarchs met in such amity, their sentiments were not uniformly echoed by the Press of the respective countries. The Russian organs, however, ultimately turned round, and the official *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* bade William II. adieu with the assurance that "If Emperor William's friendly act of courtesy in making his first visit abroad to the Russian Court arose from the desire to establish relations based on mutual trust of a nature to consolidate our friendship, and to strengthen confidence in the maintenance of European peace, then this end has been attained for long years to come." It is stated that Serbian affairs were discussed more than Bulgarian troubles, as RUSSIA disapproved of Germany supporting King Milan. This statement causes AUSTRIA to maintain a somewhat suspicious attitude, while FRANCE has calmed her fears on the subject, after being sharply taken to task by the *North German Gazette* for believing the absurd rumour that Germany and Russia would force France to disarm. After three days' stay in Stockholm the German Emperor is expected at the Danish Court to-morrow (Sunday), and will witness naval practice off Kiel before returning to Berlin. Now comes the question of visiting the Austrian and Italian Sovereigns. Probably Emperor William may go to Vienna in September, and join the chamois-hunt, to which Emperor Francis Joseph has invited other Sovereigns. The visit to King Humbert is complicated by a difficulty about the Pope, who objects to any Sovereign meeting the King of Italy—whom he pronounces an intruder—in Rome, still considered at the Vatican as the Papal capital. Certainly William II. is not a Roman Catholic, and so owes no allegiance to the Pope, but possibly the Sovereigns may after all meet in some other Italian city—perhaps Milan—to avoid any embarrassment. The only item of German home news is the satisfactory conclusion of the negotiations with England respecting the sugar bounties.

FRANCE has again witnessed the collapse of another pretender. General Boulanger's popularity has sunk to the lowest ebb, and his Parliamentary feats and unlucky duel have brought him ridicule instead of fame. Soundly beaten at the elections in the Ardèche and the Dordogne, which respectively returned an Opportunist and a Bonapartist, General Boulanger himself ascribes his defeat to his illness, which prevented him from personally conducting the electoral campaign. He will, therefore, become a candidate in the Somme, on the 19th prox., and, if he fails there, he will put up again for his old seat, the Nord, openly avowing that he will present himself on every possible occasion to create a national agitation for revision. But the rats are leaving the sinking ship, and so the General's followers fall away on all sides with the uniform opinion that Boulangerism is doomed. In striking contrast to the General's failure, President Carnot's tour through Savoy and Dauphiné seems a genuine success. Since his election, the President has steadily gained public favour by his good sense and stability, and the speeches made during his first provincial tour of any importance fully maintain his character for soberness and reasonable plain-speaking. He has had a regular triumphal progress through both provinces, and was most warmly received during the Republican Centenary festival at Grenoble. It is noticed, too, that the President was specially gracious to the clergy, and that the varied sections of Republicans are uniting under his lead, for M. Floquet and M. Ferry alike joined in the tour. Another former Premier, M. Duclerc, has just died. He formed a "Ministry of Conciliation" under M. Grévy in 1882, but only held office for a short time. An important strike of navvies has occurred in Paris.

In EASTERN AFFAIRS there is better news from BULGARIA. Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambouloff have become reconciled, but great anxiety prevails as to the effect of the Imperial meeting on Bulgarian affairs. The brigand raid at Bellova has caused much trouble with Austria, who complains that the Bulgarian Government has been very dilatory in the matter, and ought to pay all the ransoms. Moreover, the three thousand Turkish pounds are duly forthcoming, so that the captives will be released shortly, when the brigands are to be pursued. Meanwhile, TURKEY and Bulgaria squabble over the control of the Vakar-Bellova railway. Turkey has been called to account by England for erecting forts along the Tigris and Euphrates in direct breach of a treaty with Persia, which forbids fortifications within certain limits. The Porte, however, speedily agreed to cease defensive operations.—Now that the King of SERBIA has obtained possession of his son, he is

willing to let his matrimonial disputes rest for the time, especially as the Serbian Synod has declared its incompetency to grant a separation. Queen Natalie has gone to the Hague.—In EGYPT there has been a smart skirmish on the Nile, at Dabrusa Island, near Wady Halfa, where Colonel Wodehouse beat off a fierce attack from the Dervishes.

INDIA is much concerned with the charges against Mr. Arthur Crawford, Commissioner of the Southern Division of the Bombay Presidency, who has been suspended from his office and accused of bribery and corruption. He has long been prominent and popular in Bombay official circles, besides acting as British Commissioner in the negotiations for the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of 1884. He is out on bail pending the official inquiry on August 1st. The Government have issued a very favourable report on education, stating that the schools throughout British India have increased by one-third during the last five years, the number of pupils rising in even greater proportion. Military circles are preparing for the expedition to the Agor border in the autumn to punish the Akozais for the late attack on the British, when Colonel Battye and Captain Urmston perished. As the Akozais will probably be supported by other tribes in the neighbourhood, the British force is to be 10,000 strong. Signs are forthcoming of fighting in Sikkim, for the Gnatong garrison and the Tibetans have been exchanging shots from the Jalapa Pass. Three strong walls run across the Pass, with a small fort behind the second line, where most of the Tibetan force seem congregated. Over the north-western frontier, in AFGHANISTAN the Ameer and the Shinwarris are in open conflict, the latter having killed all the members of a special Embassy sent by the Ameer's Commander-in-Chief. On the opposite side of India, in BURMA, cholera is now added to other troubles, especially in the unlucky Tharrawaddy district, so disturbed by taxation. The present Government policy in Lower Burma is severely questioned, for the people gradually become alienated, while the Buddhist authorities in particular are hostile to the British.

One of the first battles of the Presidential campaign in the UNITED STATES has been waged over the Mills' Tariff Bill, resulting in a Democratic victory. True, the Bill has only passed the House of Representatives, and is now under consideration by the Senate, whose Finance Committee intend to present a substitute of their own. But politicians are even more concerned with the evidence of party strength shown by the vote than by the eventual success of the measure. Though denounced by the Republicans as Free Trade, the Bill merely lightens the duties on manufactures, whilst removing the tax on most raw materials. Wool, chemicals, dye-stuffs, and tin-plate are among the most important items admitted free, thus reducing the revenue by 25,000,000 dollars, and so relieving the Treasury surplus. The Democrats voted solid for the measure, besides attracting several Republicans and Independents, and this proof of their unity is regarded as most hopeful for President Cleveland's success. Floods and storms continue, and a cloud-burst at Wheeling in Virginia destroyed half the adjacent village of Triadelphia, with much loss of life. Seven inches of rain fell in fifty-five minutes.

Affairs in ZULULAND have slightly improved. Dinizulu keeps quiet, and the other chiefs do not seem eager to take up the quarrel, while it is even announced that some of Dinizulu's own Usutus have deserted. He is now in the Ceza bush with about 2,000 men. Meanwhile the coast column, under Major Mackean, with John Dunn's native levies, is working up the country, intending on the way to dispose of the rebellious Somkeli's stronghold near St. Lucia. The column will then join the other division at N'konjeni, whence General Smyth will lead the combined forces against Dinizulu.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, a hot dispute is going on between ITALY and FRANCE respecting the obligations of French subjects to pay taxes at Massowah. A like quarrel with the Hellenic Government ended in the Greeks giving way, but France is more obstinate. The Pope positively denies that he intends to leave Rome. The Government are jubilant that Signor Crispi has managed to pass the Communal and Provincial Reform Bill, which baffled several previous Administrations. Important naval operations are going on off Spezia, on the plan of the present English Manœuvres.—RUSSIA is celebrating, with much ceremony, the ninth centenary of the introduction of Christianity. The Abyssinian Negus has sent an Embassy to offer the Czar a coaling-port on the Red Sea.—In HAYTI incendiary fires have destroyed a great portion of Port-au-Prince, the capital, which is so disturbed that French sailors are protecting the French and English Legations. The conflagration began in the Chamber when Parliament was sitting, and spread rapidly, as most of the houses are wooden.—In NEW SOUTH WALES the new Chinese Act has received the Royal assent. In future, no Chinese can be naturalised as an Australian subject, nor engage in mining without special authorisation. No vessel may import more than one Chinaman to every 300 tons of burden, while the poll-tax is fixed at 100s.



THE QUEEN will visit the Glasgow Exhibition on her way to Balmoral on August 22nd. Arriving in the morning at Blytheswood, Mr. A. Campbell's residence at Renfrew, Her Majesty will go in State to the Exhibition and receive addresses. On the following day the Queen will visit Paisley, and on the 24th will again inspect the Exhibition, leaving in the evening for the Highlands. Meanwhile Her Majesty continues at Osborne, and on Saturday entertained Sir E. Commerell at dinner. Next morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. A. Peile officiated. On Monday the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived, taking up her quarters in Osborne Cottage, where Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice visited her in the afternoon. Sir Edward and Lady Emyrtrude Malet dined with the Queen in the evening. Possibly Her Majesty may hold a grand review of the fleet at Spithead at the close of the naval manœuvres.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, went to Wimbledon on Saturday, and lunched with Lord and Lady Wantage at the Cottage. Afterwards they witnessed the trial of the Maxim Gun, the Prince and Princess, with their eldest daughter, firing the weapon, and inspected the Gold Coast Constabulary and the Canadian Team, while later the Princess presented the prizes to the successful Volunteers. Next day the Royal party attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince called on Dom Pedro of Brazil to wish him good-bye. Prince Christian and his eldest son lunched with the Prince and Princess on Tuesday, when the Prince of Wales visited Mr. Herkomer's Studio and the Grosvenor Gallery. Next day the Prince and Princess and daughters congratulated the Duchess of Cambridge on her ninety-first birthday, the Prince also witnessing the Guards' review in Hyde Park, while on Thursday the Royal party left town for Cowes to spend a short time on board the *Osborne* before going abroad. The Princess has given Mr. Van de Weyde sittings for her photograph. —Prince Albert Victor opened two recreation grounds at Bury on Saturday, and also visited the Show of the East Rising Agricultural Society at Driffild. On Wednesday he went to Bristol to unveil

the Jubilee Statue of the Queen; while yesterday (Friday) he would open the new lock on the Ouse at Naburn, and receive the Freedom of the City of York.



CHESTER TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The Triennial Festival began on Wednesday of this week at Chester Cathedral with *Elijah*, Sullivan's *Golden Legend* and Stanford's *Revenge* being performed in the evening. There was a very large attendance, including representatives of most of the county families, save as to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who were absent owing to domestic bereavement. The choir seemed somewhat tired, owing to the numerous rehearsals which had been held, but the performance of *Elijah* was on the whole a good one. The *Golden Legend* was directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan in person. On Thursday morning was promised the only novelty of the Festival, that is to say a Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," specially composed by Mr. Oliver King, and followed by Verdi's *Requiem*, which it appears had never before been given at a provincial festival. The principal vocalists were Misses Anna Williams and Damian, Mesdames Nordica and Belle Cole, Messrs. Lloyd, Nicholl, Brereton, Grice, and Santley. There was a band (led by Mr. Straus) and chorus of three hundred, the general performances being conducted by Dr. Joseph Bridge, organist of the cathedral.

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.—The Wagner Festival, now being held at Bayreuth, is attended by a large number of American and British music-lovers, upwards of a thousand tickets having been sold in this country alone. *Parsifal* was revived on Sunday last, and *Die Meistersinger* was given for the first time at Bayreuth on Monday. Herr Mottl of Berlin conducted *Parsifal*, and Herr Richter Wagner's so-called "comic" opera. There was an orchestra of 106 and a chorus of nearly a hundred. The chief parts (which are frequently interchanged among the artists engaged) are being sung by some of the leading vocalists from Vienna, Berlin, and other cities, among the principals being Mesdames Materna, Malten, and Sucher, Messrs. Gudchus, Winkelmann, Vandyck, Wiegand, Reichmann, and Kürner. Many of these vocalists have already appeared in London, and we learn from private letters that the performance of *Die Meistersinger* was particularly fine.

CLOSE OF THE OPERA.—The Opera season closed on Saturday with a performance of *Les Huguenots*, in which the brothers De Reszké and Mesdames Nordica and Scalchi took part. The National Anthem was then sung by the special choir of 160 voices, and Mr. Harris made a short speech, thanking the *habitués* for the support accorded during the past season, and promising even better things next year. The season has been short, and unproductive of a single addition to the operatic repertory. But it has been successful from a financial point of view, and Mr. Harris has also been able to give a series of, for the most part, exceedingly fine performances. In all nineteen operas have been represented on forty-eight evenings during ten weeks. Grand operas have been chiefly in favour, the older and hackneyed repertory apparently having at last lost its attractiveness. *Faust* has been given on seven, *Lohengrin* on six, *Carmen* on five, *Les Huguenots* and *Figaro* on four, and *Don Giovanni* on three occasions; while *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, *L'Africaine*, and *Guillaume Tell* have been represented twice, and *Lucresia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Flauto*, *Un Ballo*, *Aida*, and *Mefistofele* once each. Among the principal artists have been Mesdames Albani, Minnie Hauk, Nordica, Fursch-Madi, Ella Russell, Scalchi, and Trebelli, MM. d'Andrade, Cotogni, Lassalle, Navarrini, Del Puente, Ravelli, and the De Reszkés. Of these the brothers De Reszké have undoubtedly been the stars of the season, and, when associated with M. Lassalle and either Madame Albani or Madame Nordica, they have attracted very large houses to favourite grand operas. Among the new comers neither of the two tenors, MM. Guille and De Reims, won much success. The most popular of the new artists were the Scottish Miss MacIntyre and the American Madame Rolla, both of whom are engaged for the provincial tour which will begin, at Glasgow, on October 8th, and Miss De Lussan, who is understood to be secured for next season. Miss Louise Lablache, a daughter of Madame Demeric, also won favour in less important parts. Among the other *débütantes* Mdles. Columbia, Martini, and Zeppilli Villani appeared only once, and the Australian *prima donna*, Madame Melba, who sung thrice, was weighted by her *répertoire*, which for the most part consisted of light operas. Special features of the season have been the admirable stage management, the bright costumes and accessories, and the assistance of a large choir of amateur singers to reinforce the ordinary operatic chorus. Mr. Harris has already announced another season in 1889, when, it is understood, he will revive *Tannhäuser*, and will produce *Die Meistersinger* in Italian.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These concerts will commence at Covent Garden, on August 11, on even a more imposing scale than of recent years. The orchestra will once more be led by Mr. Carrodus, and will be conducted by Mr. Crowe; and the band-stand will be placed further back than usual, so as to allow of a greater space for promenade. Mr. Sims Reeves has been retained to sing twice a week for the first five weeks, after which Madame Scalchi will be the "star." Among the popular vocalists also retained are Mesdames Valleria, Rose Hersee, Clara Samuël, Belle Cole, Patey, and Sterling; Misses Whitacre, Nikita, and Paterson; Messrs. Lloyd, Piercy, Banks, Orlando Harley, Foli, Barrington Foote, and Santley. The decorations this year will show scenes in Switzerland.

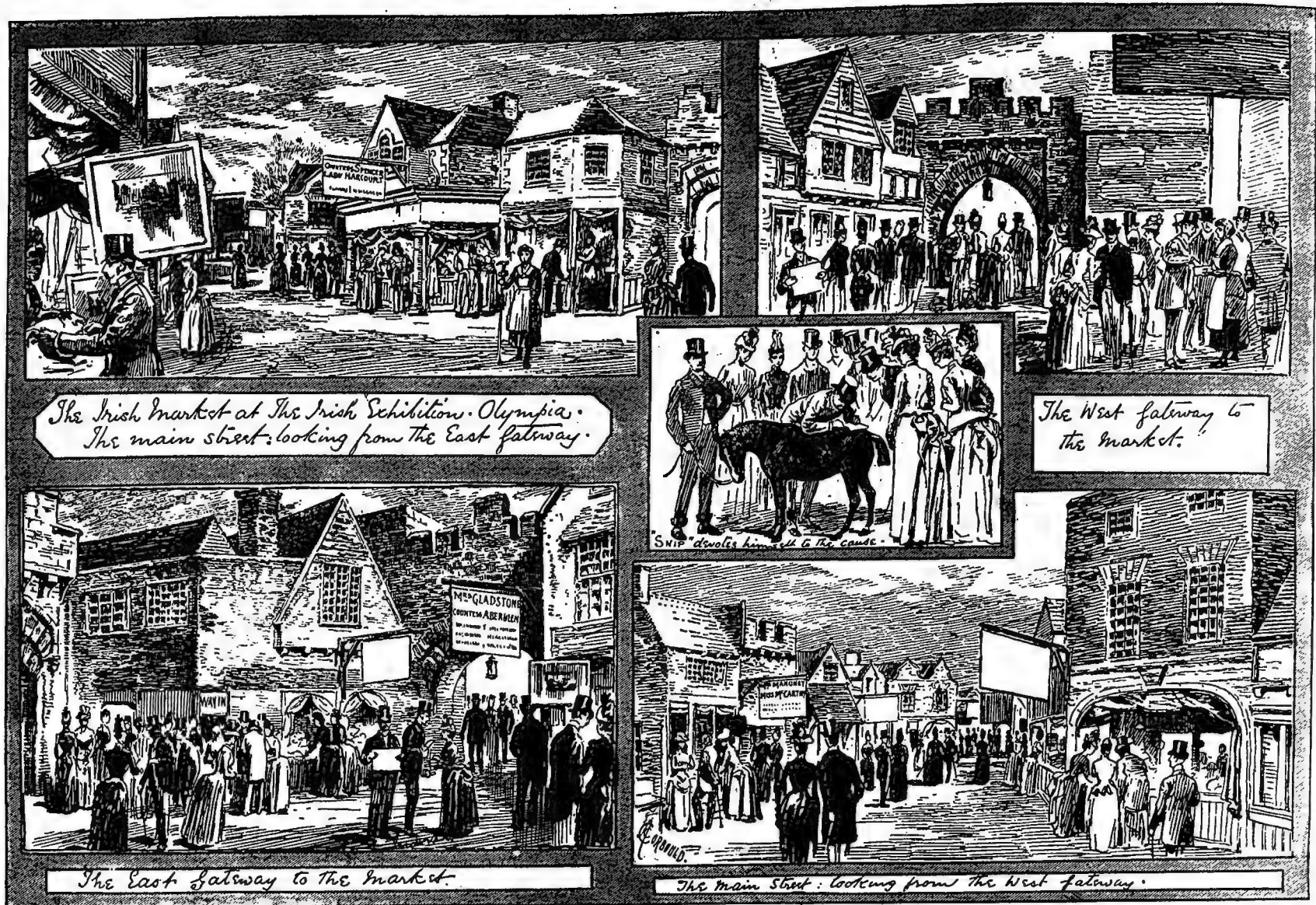
CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—A series of Irish concerts was commenced on Monday at the Irish Exhibition, under the direction of Mr. Ludwig. The programmes, for the most part, consist of Irish songs, and are appreciated by large audiences.—Signor Bottesini gave a concert on Monday, playing several double-bass pieces of his own, and being assisted by Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists.—Herr Schwarz, a popular professor of the zither, gave a concert on Saturday, in the programme of which the zither, of course, prominently figured.—Mr. Temple Saxe, a rising young baritone, Miss Allitsen, Miss Marie de Grey, Mr. Raphael Gordon, and others, have also announced concerts.—Some of the students of our training-schools have also given their summer performances. On Monday the Royal College pupils offered an interesting programme, which included Schubert's Symphony in C, Schumann's *Concertstück*, and the introduction to the third act and dance of apprentices from *Die Meistersinger*.—On Tuesday evening the students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a concert. The most important item of the programme was a remarkably clever pianoforte concerto in A by Miss Dora Bright, a student, and now a sub-professor. The intermezzo which forms the middle movement of this piece is especially charming. Great success was also won by a young violinist, Mr. Walenn, who played a movement from Beethoven's concerto.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Russian Opera Company, having finished their season in Manchester, opened at Birmingham on Monday with Rubinstein's *Demon*, which had already been performed both at Manchester and at Covent Garden. After

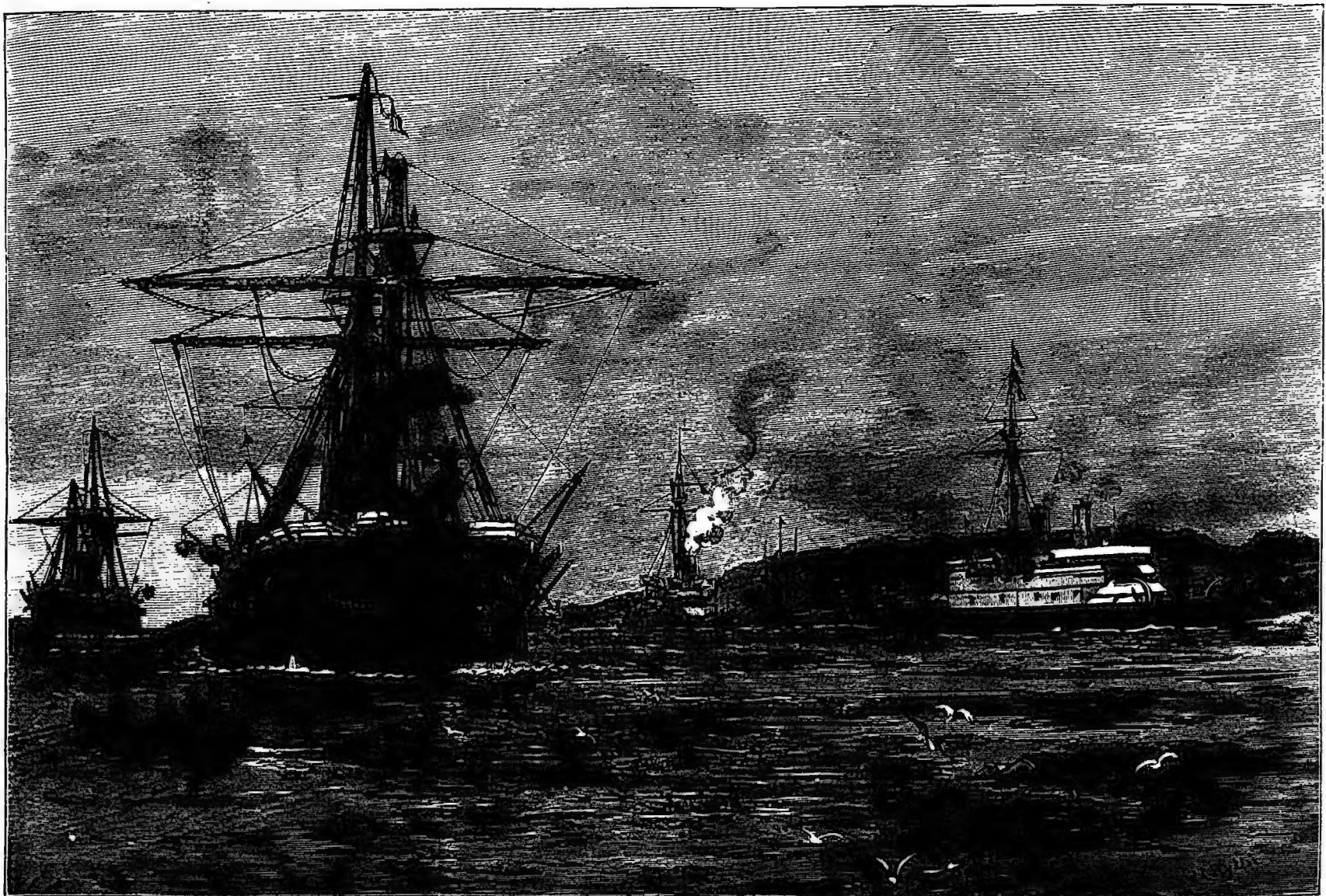








THE FANCY FAIR AT THE IRISH EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA



Invincible

Black Prince

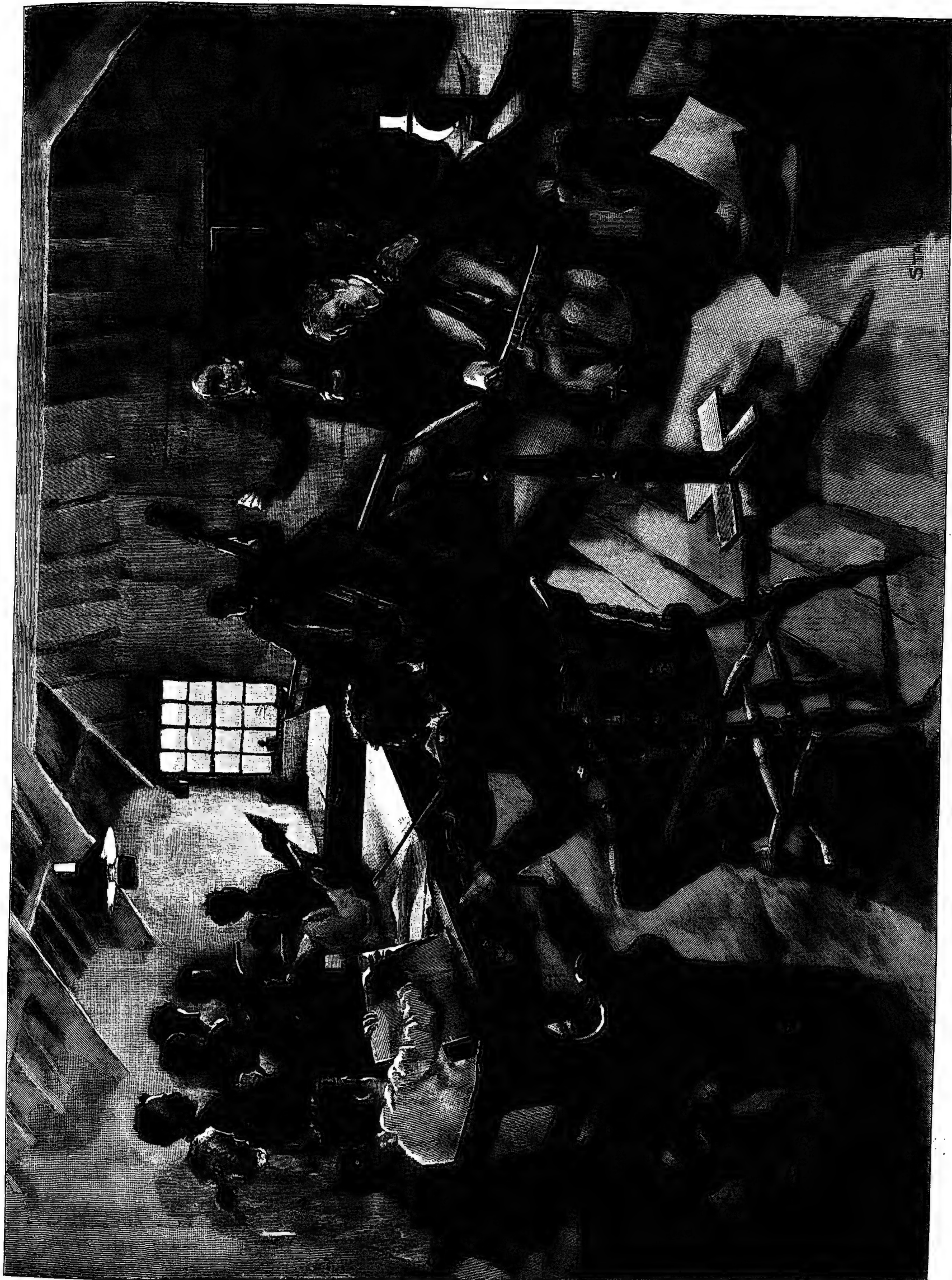
Devastation

Serpent

Rodney (Flag-Ship)

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ADMIRAL FITZROY'S DIVISION OF "B" SQUADRON STEAMING INTO LOUGH SWILLY





A VILLAGE PHILHARMONIC REHEARSAL.



good price, but the strawberries, as we can readily imagine, have had a very bad time, and the bulk of the crop have rotted from the wet and want of sunshine. Black currants, owing to some curious effect the excessive moisture has on the stems, have dropped off the bushes and been largely lost; where carefully gathered the price realised has been satisfactory. From Hereford and Worcestershire we hear that a sad want of flavour is to be feared in apples and pears this year owing to the want of sun. The cherries are very inferior in quality.

FROM CHESHIRE a farmer writes us:—"Sheep are selling fairly well, but stock as a rule not so high as they did. There is enough grass now, and to spare. This abundance of pasture also brings us dairymen plenty of milk, and I am glad to say I am receiving a halfpenny per gallon more for mine than I was some while ago."

STRAWSON'S DISTRIBUTOR is a very ingenious invention. It is a very light machine, and can be driven on the land at a smart pace by a quick travelling horse. Perhaps about five acres would be an ordinary distance to cover in a day. At the trial, paraffin—for the machine may be used as an insect preventive and killer—was distributed in a fine spray, and every blade of grass over which the machine passed was at once completely coated with a delicate film. Lime and soot were also successfully sprinkled from the machine, and barley and other grain is scattered broadcast very effectively, as was shown on a trial field at Nottingham. The wheel-gear drives a small fan, which blows the matter to be distributed through a tube ending in nozzles like fingers springing from the wrist.

CORN SALES AND PRICES.—Last week, at 187 statute markets, 24,974 qrs. of wheat were sold at an average price of 32s. per qr., 406 qrs. of barley at 19s. 1d., and 852 qrs. of oats at 17s. 4d. per qr., the averages of the corresponding week in 1887 being 34s. 3d., 21s. 4d., and 17s. 9d. per qr. Seeing how poor are our harvest prospects this season, it is difficult to see for what reason farmers are now parting with their old grain at a price lower even than the low prices of a year ago. Offerings are not larger.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Northumberland Agricultural Society this year have gone as far north as Berwick, and were rewarded by a very successful meeting. No fewer than 7,000 visitors witnessed to the local interest excited, while the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Polwarth, Mr. Thompson of Penrith, and Mr. Clement Stephen of Newcastle, exhibited some of their finest cattle. The sheep, also, were very good, particularly the Border Leicesters.—The Cambridge Show at Cambridge was actually favoured with fine weather, and was accordingly crowded. Horses were the principal feature of the Show, and Mr. Sanders Spencer's pigs were greatly admired by the very select number of persons who profess to be judges of the sty. The cattle and sheep classes were relatively weak.—The Bedfordshire Show, at Leighton Buzzard, included some capital cattle, sheep, and pigs, and was supported by first-rate entries from the farms of Mr. Charles and Mr. James Howard, of Mr. T. Chalk, of Messrs. Ransom, and of Mr. Francis Bassett. But execrable weather prevailed, and greatly diminished the success of the Show.



## PASTIMES

THE TURF.—Racing seems to hang somewhat just now. Sport was excellent at Kempton Park and Leicester, but the company was not up to the average at either establishment. At Kempton Park, Sir R. Jardine's Leap Year won the International Two-Year Old Plate, and Mr. Walter Blake's Exmoor carried top weight and landed the 2,000l. Park Stakes very easily. Leicester's programme extended over three days, although two would have made a much better meeting. "Mr. Manton's" Seclusion, third to Leap Year on Saturday, credited that lady with the Leland Plate of 2,000l., but only beat Baron de Rothschild's Chariclee and Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Taxus by a head each. On Tuesday Colonel Forester's Ice won the Appleby Plate. Arrandale, an outsider for the St. Leger, took the Midland Derby from a good field, and finished like a stayer. Captain Machell's Virgin Queen, winner of the Knighton Plate showed extraordinary improvement on her recent form. King Monmouth, who at last became a very hot favourite, and Woodland ran right away from the seven other starters in the Leicestershire Summer Handicap. Woodland swerved at the end, or the finish would have been close. Judging by the wide range betting on the Goodwood Stewards' Cup has taken, a very large field will start for it. The Sandown Eclipse Stakes looks as if it would be a very unworthy successor to Bendigo's memorable race. We regret to hear of the death of Mr. T. T. Drake, of Shardloes, Amersham, Bucks, well-known as a hunting-man and M.F.H., on the turf under Jockey Club and G. N. H. rules, and a great authority on agricultural matters. Mr. Drake was born in 1818.—The Epsom Grand Stand Association

have purchased Six Mile Hill, an estate which includes the strip of the Derby Course about which there has been so much difficulty with the Lord of Walton Manor.

CRICKET.—The same mistiness of weather, and intermittent crustiness of wicket, which curtailed the great match between England and the Australians, rendered their following match against Sussex at Brighton also a lottery. It happened that luck on this occasion was against the visitors, who scored only 68 and 88, against the County's 98 and 116. Walter Humphreys is locally expected to make his lobbs tell in such engagements as this—Walter told to the extent of nine wickets taken for 40 runs, while in the batting department the two Ardingly schoolmasters, Newham and Brann, recently returned from cricket-touring in Australia, proved very useful. Seeing how inconsistent this reverse was with the Colonials' victory over England, it was only in keeping with cricket's boasted uncertainty that the Australians should promptly proceed to get all the best of the two days' play, rain permitted at Leyton in the engagement against Cambridge Past and Present. A "Past" greatly missed from the Light Blues' ranks was A. G. Steel, who was unable to play owing to his wife's indisposition. Without the redoubtable old Marlburian a strong side was collected who were far behind on the balance of an innings a side. As the visitors, not counting Blackham (on the sick list) scored 319 to the Varsity Eleven's 137. Mr. A. P. Lucas, whose health has generally been indifferent since he left off playing for Surrey, showed quite in his good old form in making 50; A. M. Suthery contributed 24 towards the Cantabs' 137; Alec Bannerman, who for the others went in first and saw the last of his tenth companion, in defence, was credited with 93; Giant Bonnor did his hitting for 78; Jarvis partly fluked, partly made, 33, according to his designs on the ball; Edwardes was in a long while for 36. Cambridge's second innings got no farther than Tuesday's record of 22 for two wickets, and the game was drawn. Kent, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire have been striving in ignominious rivalry as to which should escape making the smallest score for an innings in a first-class match. Kent, at Moreton-on-the-Marsh, were put out for 28 and 52 by Gloucestershire, who made 124 the same day that Burton took all ten wickets of Surrey in the latter's first innings against Middlesex. Notwithstanding this feat, Surrey won by three wickets just before time. Northamptonshire, who sadly miss Shrewsbury, were dismissed by Yorkshire at Sheffield for 24 and 58 amid the jeers of the local spectators. Their opponents did very little better with 46 only in their first innings, but won by ten wickets. Derbyshire, at Old Trafford, were beaten in a single innings with 87, and 17 only to Lancashire's 182. The old opponents, Surrey and Kent, played at Beckenham, where Surrey, thanks to Lohmann's bowling, won by 89 runs. They only just pulled through.

LAWN TENNIS.—Miss Dodds, who had to meet Mrs. Hillyard (better known than Miss Bingley) for the final sets at the A.E.L.T. Association Championship, retained her title by winning three sets to two. The brothers Renshaw took the four-handed Championship from the Hon. Mr. P. B. Lyon and Lieut. W. Wilberforce, who, though beaten by three sets to two, played most brilliantly.

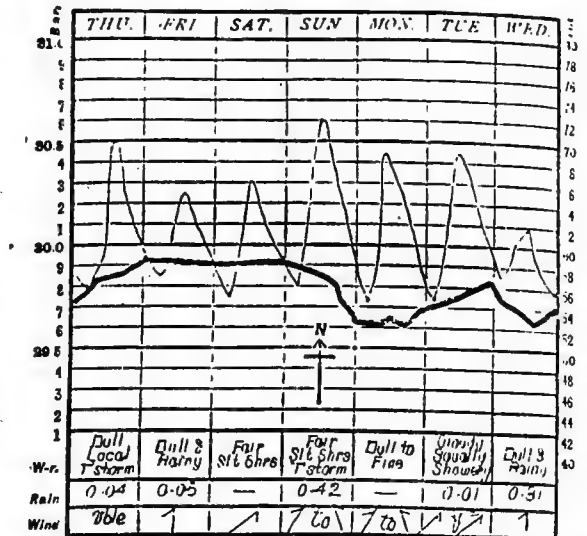
AQUATICS.—Walton Regatta will hardly regain its former position as an amateur boat-racing fixture, unless the course is better kept than it was on Saturday last. Competitors had to pick their way among a crowd of craft scattered all over the river. Thames R.C. added to their long list of victories this season by winning the Senior Pairs, Fours, and Eights. Mr. Bruce-Dick of the London R.C. took the Senior Sculls. Thames at Reading Regatta, which was ruined by wet, rowed over for the Senior Eights and Fours, and beat London in the Maiden Erlegh Challenge Cup.—A great difference in the times of the Professionals' and Amateurs' Mile Championship was shown. On Saturday, at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, the latter competition resulted in a win for J. F. Standing, Captain of the Zephyr S.C., in 24 min. 1½ sec. Nuttall, holder of the title, was nowhere at half distance. James Finney, of Salford, on Monday, won the Professors' Championship on the same course in 30 min. 11½ sec.—The time-honoured "wager" for Doggett's Coat and Badge was commenced at Putney on Wednesday, when eight jolly young watermen raced in three heats for the honour of competing in the contest from the Old Swan, London Bridge, to the Old Swan, Chelsea (or thereabouts, as the river-bank improvements have necessitated), on August 1st.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The English Football Team in Australia have recently won a few matches under Victorian rules, and are beginning to improve with severe practice.—L. E. Myers, the American runner, was tendered a very profitable benefit at Sydney before he left for New York, from which city he now challenges the world at a quarter or half a mile.—John L. Sullivan is challenging Kilrain, and Mitchell; and Conley, described as the Ithaca giant, offers to meet Jem Smith for 1,000l. a side in America.—Asburn, of Brixton Ramblers, won the N.C.U. Five Miles Bicycling Championship at Paddington on Saturday in 16 min. 40 3-5 sec.—At the same place Oxford by W. J. Turrell beat Cambridge in the University Races.—Teemer's various wins in what are called sculling races are not of any consequence. He and the others mentioned are merely engaged

to give gate money exhibitions. H.R.H. the Princess Louise on Wednesday opened the Lambeth Polytechnic Institute, which will be a boon to the district.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (25th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week, although still showery and changeable, has been less cool than of late, and, speaking broadly, brighter in most places. During the whole of the time pressure was lowest off our West or North-West Coasts, and highest over France or Germany, and while light variable airs were at first prevalent over our Islands, the wind soon became well established from the Southward or South-Westward, and towards the close of the time freshened generally. The weather at first was dry and warm over the Northern parts of Ireland and England, and in Scotland, over the inland parts of which latter country the thermometer stood as high as 77° on Thursday (19th inst.), but subsequently fell considerably, with cloudy, rainy weather. Elsewhere the weather remained in a cool, showery, and changeable state throughout, although frequently more fine and bright intervals were experienced than during recent weeks. Thunderstorms were very prevalent over Great Britain, and these were commonly accompanied by very heavy downpours of rain, although singularly partial. Rainfall has been much in excess of the normal in most places, while temperature has been but slightly below the average. The highest readings of the thermometer were rather above 70° in the South of England once or twice, but ranged from 75° to 77° during the earlier part of the week over Scotland.

The barometer was highest (29.92 inches) on Saturday (21st inst.); lowest (29.61 inches) on Monday (23rd inst.); range 0.31 inch. The temperature was highest (72°) on Sunday (22nd inst.); lowest (55°) on Tuesday (24th inst.); range 17°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.83 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.42 inch on Sunday (22nd inst.)

"CARMEN SYLVA," Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, has written a poem on the death of Emperor Frederick of Germany. The poem is to be sent to our Queen—so says the Paris *Figaro*, but will never be published, as it contains too many political allusions.

SMOKING AMONGST WOMEN seems gradually to be creeping into fashionable circles in the United States. Several Society belles smoke the daintiest of pipes, worth about 20l. apiece. The pipe is the size of a small meerschaum, and is made of gold, set with garnets, emeralds, and moonstones, the mouth-piece being of onyx.

OSTRICH FEATHERS HAVING GONE OUT OF FASHION for feminine wear, the Cape merchants have suffered considerably of late. Ten years ago fine white feathers were worth 50l., and even 80l. per lb., and in 1882 the Cape exported feathers to the value of considerably over a million sterling. Last year a larger quantity of feathers did not realise half a million.

A NIGHT DELIVERY OF LETTERS will come into force next Wednesday. The public will be able to rent private letter-boxes for use during the night at all post-offices where a night staff is on duty, and where callers can obtain letters during the day. The rent will be double the amount charged for ordinary private letter-boxes. Renters of these boxes will thus receive correspondence which otherwise would not have been delivered till next morning, providing such letters are enclosed in special red envelopes and marked in left-hand corner "Special Private Box, Night Delivery." These letters must be posted in time for the ordinary deliveries, and, if possible, handed in over the office counter instead of being put in the boxes.

## STEAMERS TO NORWAY, THE BALTIC, THE ORKNEY, AND SHETLAND ISLANDS.

DELIGHTFUL AND POPULAR TWELVE DAYS' TRIPS to the West Coasts and Fiords of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen every Saturday during July and August by the magnificent steamships "ST. SUNNIVA" and "ST. ROGNVALD." Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with all modern requisites for the comfort of passengers, and make the passage between Aberdeen and Norway in twenty hours. The "ST. SUNNIVA" makes a three weeks' trip to the Baltic on 1st September, calling at Christiania, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. Direct Steamers to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith five times a week to Shetland in 13 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours by the fast and comfortable steamers "ST. CLAIR," "ST. NICHOLAS," and "ST. JOHN." Particulars of sailing (and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 3d.), may be had from John A. Clerk, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; "Sewell and Growther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all Branch Offices; C. MacIver and Son, Tower Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool; Wordie and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Hourston, 16, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and 64, Constitution Street, Leith; Charles Merryells, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

## SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, AND THE HIGHLANDS.

(Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals). THE Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMBA," with passengers only, sails from GLASGOW DAILY at 7 a.m., from GREENOCK at 9 a.m., in connection with Express Trains from the South, for Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Lochawe, Skye, Gairloch, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Stornoway, &c. Official Guide, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d. and 1s. at Railway Bookstalls. Time Bills with Map and Fares Free from the Owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

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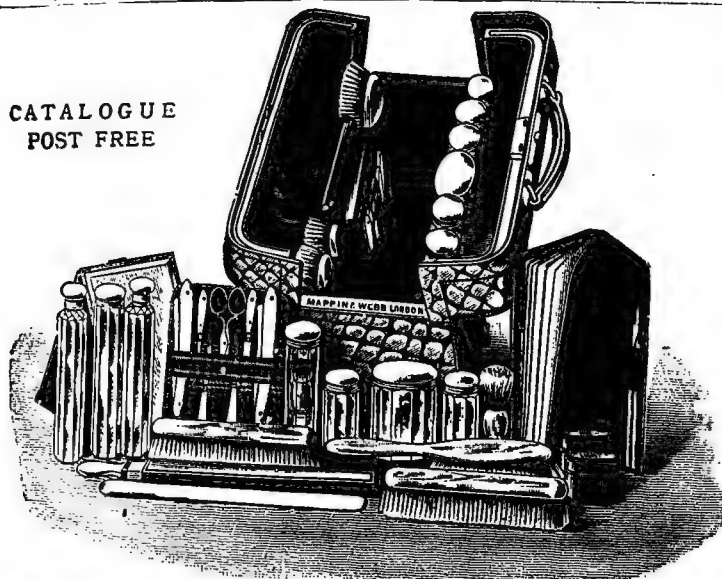
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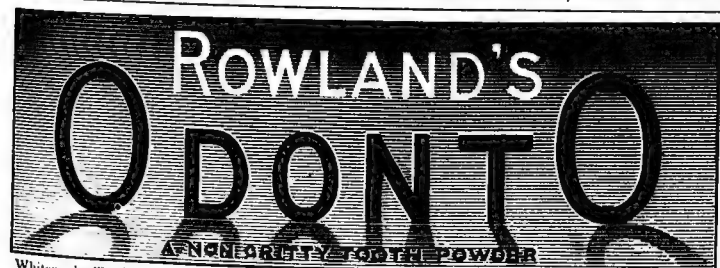
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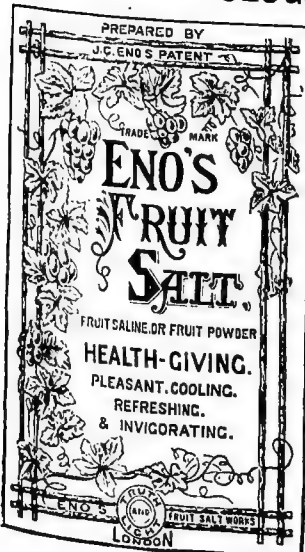
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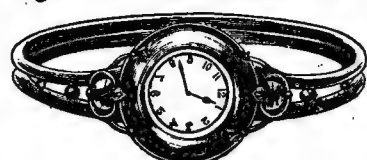
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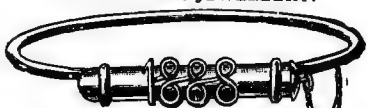
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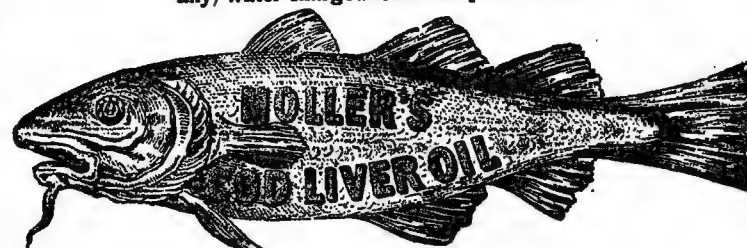
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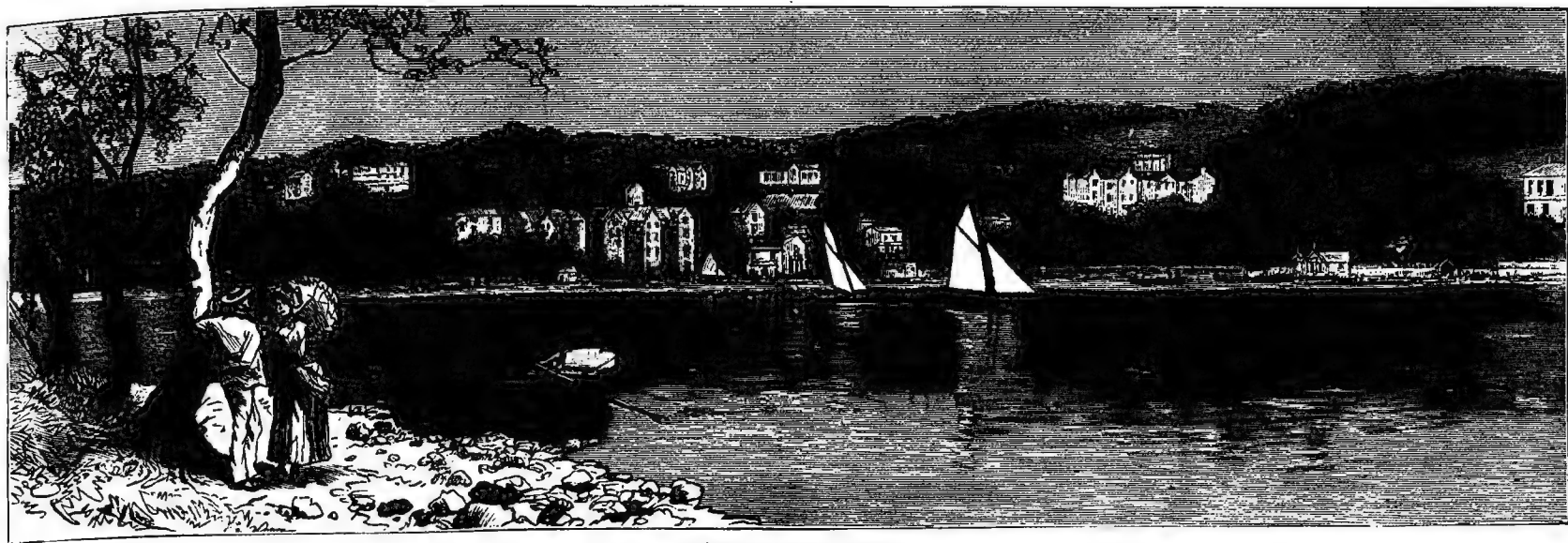






# THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, ILLUSTRATED

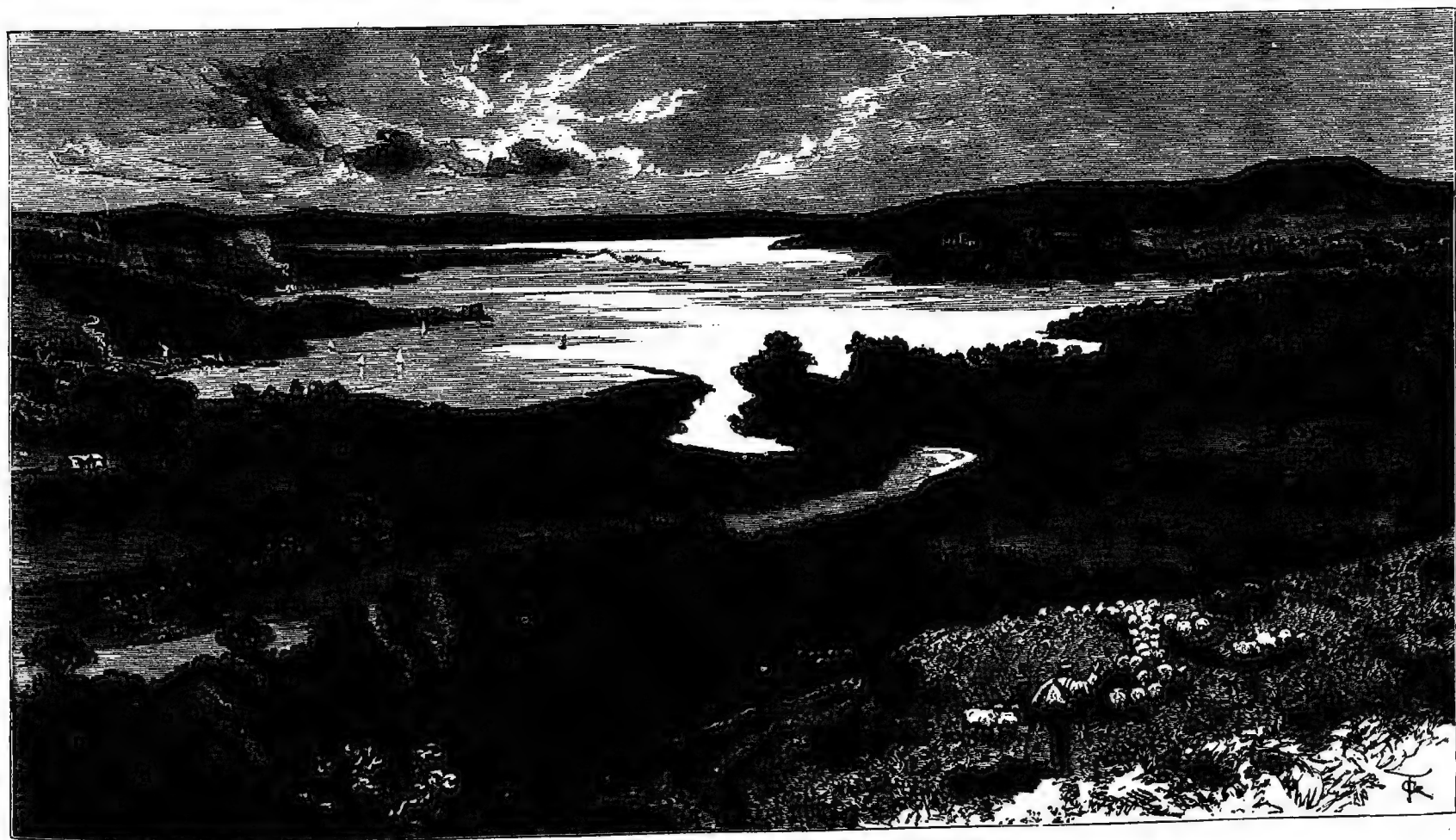
WRITTEN BY C. N. WILLIAMSON.—IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



BOWNESS, WINDERMERE



ON A LAKE STEAMER, WINDERMERE



GENERAL VIEW OF WINDERMERE



## The English Lake District--I.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT is a very small tract of country occupying portions of the three counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. On the east it is bounded by the Irish Sea, on the south by the melancholy sands of Morecambe Bay. Taking the extreme limits of the district—from Caldbeck in the north to Cartmel in the south, and from the sea on the east to Shap on the west—it occupies a square space, each side of which, roughly speaking, measures thirty-seven miles. This measurement, moreover, includes a fringe of country which, while of much interest both for its history and its natural beauty, is not, strictly speaking, part of the Lake District.

The actual Lake District—that is to say, the country lying within an area measured from the northern end of Bassenthwaite to the southern end of Windermere, and from the western end of Ennerdale to the eastern end of Hawes Water—occupies a superficies less than thirty miles square. Yet this inconsiderable space of ground holds within it probably more natural beauty than is to be found within an equal space on any other portion of the earth's surface. It has every element of perfect scenery—lake, sea, and torrent; mountain, valley, and crag; tree, moss, and flower. The diversity of the scenery in so small a tract of country is most remarkable. Nowhere within this magic land has Nature repeated herself. Her combinations have been endless, and from the simplest materials she has created a series of scenes, each of which appears unsurpassable until you see the next. Nothing could be more peaceful than Grasmere, nothing more savage than Wastwater. From the rocky ghylls and horrid precipices of Scafell you pass to the smooth and grassy slopes of Skiddaw. Derwentwater is set compactly, like a pearl, among its encircling mountains; Windermere winds towards the plains more like a river than a lake. In the valleys and passes the variety is no less marked. Borrowdale and Langdale, Patterdale and Troutbeck, have each their own character. Grisedale and Esk Hause, Nan Bield and Sty Head, differ entirely, each from the other. From no two points of view is the aspect of the country the same. Not only does each mountain differ in form, each valley in shape, but the colouring and foliage differ in places separated perhaps only by a mile or two. This variety in the scenery is the first feature that strikes the stranger, the next is its compactness.

In this respect, the English Lake District bears a most favourable comparison with North Wales, and leaves the Highlands of Scotland far behind. No English mountain can compare, in impressive bulk, with Ben Nevis; no English mountain, not even the magnificent dome of Great Gable itself, can equal Trifan, that superb pyramid of rock which overhangs the Pass of Nant Francon; and no assemblage of English mountains can rival the great Snowdon

### THE LAKE DISTRICT IN THE BEGINNING

THE mountainous regions of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire present remarkable physical features. The peaks rise together to the height of about 3,000 feet from a great plain. They are grouped within a very small space of ground, and beyond each of the highest peaks—Skiddaw and Blencathra on the north, Scafell Pike on the west, Helvellyn on the east, and Conistone Old Man on the south—the high land rapidly melts down into the surrounding plains. The district is like a citadel, surrounded with earthworks, and as a citadel it has been used by race after race. There is scarcely any mountain of eminence from which the eye does not at once travel out of the district, either towards the sea and the distant Isle of Man, or towards the Solway Firth and far-away Criffel, or towards the moorlands of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, with solitary Ingleborough as the sole distant height. A point midway between the summits of Scafell Pike and Great Gable may be taken as the centre of the principal mountain-system of the district. From this point the great valleys radiate, according to Wordsworth, "like spokes from the nave of a wheel." Langdale, Eskdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and Borrowdale, all, roughly speaking, have their beginnings at this central point, as the traveller may satisfy himself by studying either of the models of the District which are exhibited at Keswick.

In addition to the valleys and peaks which make up the mountain-system which Wordsworth, with so much reason, likens to the spokes of a wheel, there are two other mountain-groups. These are the mountain-island formed by Skiddaw and Blencathra, on the north of the District; and, secondly, the long range of Helvellyn, with Fairfield and St. Sunday Crag. Helvellyn is separated from the Scafell group by a long, deep valley, extending almost due north and south from Grasmere to Threlkeld. With Helvellyn we may, for convenience, class High Street and its accompanying heights, though these properly form a fourth mountain-group by themselves.

This varied district, with its contorted strata, its many rock-formations, its unique combinations of mountain, valley, lake, and stream, naturally attracted long ago the attention of the geologist. The idler visitor, indeed, could scarcely avoid puzzling himself with speculations as to the origin of this scenery. How comes it, he will ask, that Skiddaw is conical, Great Gable domelike, Grasmere a table-land? What prolonged or sudden process of Nature created the square, tooth-like gap between Scafell and its fellow mountain, what hoary processes of time bestowed the summit of Scafell Pikes with those stony ribs whose appearance carries to the mind so profound a sense of centuries of decay, what convulsion tore the ravine of Piers Ghyll right into the heart of Lingmell? Thanks to the labours of many geologists, these questions can now be answered with tolerable exactitude. To William Smith we owe our first knowledge of the sub-divisions of the rocks of the District. He, with J. Otley, the Keswick watchmaker and famous guide, may be called the father of Cumberland and Westmoreland geology. The researches of Otley were extended and systematised by that great geologist, the late Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge. Much has been done since Sedgwick wrote, and we must not omit the names of Professors Phillips and Harkness, and the Rev. J. C. Ward; but Sedgwick's was the master-mind which first discerned the order in the apparent chaos of mountain and valley. Hammer in hand, he wandered through the country, chipping, collecting, and pondering, until he had mastered the structure of the District, and co-ordinated the groups of strata with those of Wales.

Of the many and varied rocks which are to be found in the Lake Country, those which mainly concern the ordinary traveller are only two in number. Of these what is called the Volcanic Series of Borrowdale can lay claim to almost all the finest and most characteristic scenery. But the Skiddaw Slate Series, if it does not cover quite so large or so important an area, has beauties of its own, and can, moreover, demand the respect which is always due to age. For, geologically, it is the oldest formation that we have in England. We find it by the shores of Ullswater, and again a lump of it rises in the south-west to form Black Combe. This outcrop is of some interest as lying in the direction of the Isle of Man, where these slates cover a considerable area.

But the great bulk of them lies compactly on each side of an imaginary line, joining the towns of Cockermouth and Keswick. North and east of this line we find the Skiddaw and Blencathra mass and Bassenthwaite Lake; south and west of it the Grasmere group of mountains, and thence away to beyond the foot of Ennerdale Water, including Buttermere and its sister lakes. Originally, no doubt, the Skiddaw Slates were deposited as mud and sand at the bottom of an ancient sea. On the other hand, where there is now sea there was, perhaps, land at that time; for, if we may safely argue from a tendency shown by the strata to thicken towards the west, it was from that direction that the material was brought. Almost before it was all deposited, there came a period of violent volcanic action. Showers of ashes and floods of lava were ejected, producing a character of rock to which we find close analogies in Wales. But there is one very noteworthy distinction. While the Welsh rock abounds in marine fossils, we find hardly any in ours, except in the very earliest strata. The inference is that the igneous materials, rapidly filling the then shallow sea, went on rising to a vast height above it.

But, it may be asked, whence came this enormous flow of volcanic material? Strange to say, we can indicate what was perhaps the exact position of the now extinct volcano. Every one knows the lovely view from Castle Head, near Keswick; but, probably, it has occurred to very few, as they stood on that round boss of intrusive dolerite, that they had underfoot the solid core of lava thousands of feet above which was once the aperture out of which it may be said that our Lake Mountains flowed forth like water!

At length the fury of the outburst was expended, and it used to be thought that the Conistone calcareous series was at once deposited. It has, however, been recently shown that between the two systems there is a complete want of conformity; in other words, there was a break of some duration, and, meanwhile, the volcanic series was exposed to changes of level, and to great wear and tear. The later formations have so little influence on the scenery that we have no occasion to dwell upon them now. Suffice it to say that at the close of the Upper Silurian period, we may reckon, with some confidence, that the Skiddaw Slates were buried under 15,000 feet of the Volcanic Series which, in turn, carried about the same thickness of Upper Silurian.

In addition to this enormous weight, the Slates were now exposed to furious heat from below; for it was a time of great volcanic energy. To this period we assign the intrusion of the various granitic masses, as at Skiddaw, Eskdale, and the two Wastdales. Igneous material was forced up at every weak spot for this reason, frequently forming lines at right angles to that intense lateral pressure in a north-westerly direction, of which we find such abundant proofs. Moreover, the whole country was now exposed to the fiercest denudation. Of this we have a very striking illustration. If there be a mountain in Cumberland which can be called dull and meaningless, it is Mell Fell; yet, in the mind of the geologist, it serves to arouse the most interesting reflections. It represents the very beginning of the carboniferous series (for the Old Red Sandstone, to which it used to be assigned, is not found here); but before a single boulder of it could be deposited, the whole thickness of the Upper Silurian and most of the Volcanic, in all some 25,000 feet of rock, had to be planed away. Since then, it is clear that Mell Fell has itself suffered severely from denudation, for, no

doubt, it originally extended westward, covering, at least, all the ground of less elevation than itself.

There is no evidence that the carboniferous series ever covered the high peaks, but we may be sure that it came far nearer to their centre than it now does. In fact, no amount of denudation can surprise us when we reckon up the long succession of geological periods, each of vast extent, which have intervened since our Lake mountains for the last time emerged from the sea; but, cutting and carving, on the grandest scale, took place under the remorseless chisels of the Great Ice Age. The *roche moutonnée* at Grange, in Borrowdale, is well known, and beautiful specimens of moraine heaps are found in Greenup Gill, in Upper Ennerdale, and elsewhere. Ice scratches, too, often at many hundred feet above the present levels of the valley, are numerous, the flanks of the great Grisedale gorge, for example, being ice-moulded to an elevation of 600 feet. But the mountain tarns, so characteristic a feature of the English Lakes, offer perhaps the prettiest illustration of glacial action. It is perhaps in such positions as when standing on the ice-paned rocks of Pavey Ark, and looking down into the dark waters of Stickle Tarn, at the foot of that tremendous cliff, that one can most readily recall the reign of frost and picture the grim cataract of ice which has carved such striking monuments of its power. It is interesting to notice blocks of syenite from Ked Pike left by the ice-stream all along the course of the Cocker, and still more to find in Cumberland blocks which have evidently been brought in the same way across from the Scotch side of the Solway. The curious part of it is, that this was a case of amicable barter; for in the very district of Scotland from which these rocks have come, geologists have discovered ice-borne blocks which had their undoubted origin in the English Lakes. Floating icebergs did, no doubt, assist in spreading the fragments which we find scattered from this source over Yorkshire, and, indeed, great part of England; but there is little doubt that the Isle of Man at least was glaciated direct by the ice of Skiddaw and Scafell.

And now, want of space compels us to leave untouched many a question which suggests itself to every observant traveller. Some of them, we frankly admit our inability to answer. The curious features, almost peculiar to these mountains, called "doors"—which, like Mickledoor, Combdor, and those on Yewbarrow, show clean cuts across the mountain ridges, recalling the famous cleft in the Pyrenees, called the Brèche de Roland, are readily explained by the crumbling away of intrusive dykes; but the extraordinary collection of oblong fragments, found notably on the summit of Scafell Pikes, reminding us of those upon the Glyders in North Wales, are much more puzzling. The suggestion has been put forward that the summit was once finely fissured in several directions, forming a forest of slender pinnacles, which since then have been broken off. With this guess we must close this section.

### THE LAKE DISTRICT IN HISTORY

HISTORY has concerned herself little with the Lake District. Those parts of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire which lie outside the limits of the actual mountainous districts have, indeed, been the scene of many stirring episodes, and war, religion,



WYTHBURN CHURCH



MISS MARTINEAU'S HOUSE, AMBLESIDE

horseshoe of five separate peaks. But the gems of Scotch and Welsh scenery are separated by tracts of monotonous country in which travelling is a weariness; and it is a question whether we do not exaggerate the beauty and grandeur of the scenery in proportion to the extent to which the spirits are depressed by the bleak wilds which must be traversed to reach it. In the English Lake District, this drawback does not exist. "Westmoreland," said Coleridge, "is a cabinet of beauties, each thing being beautiful in itself, and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley to another, is itself a beautiful thing again." There is not a foot of ground within the district which is dull or unlovely, save the spots which have been scarred and blasted by mines and quarries. Once within its boundaries Nature offers a continual feast to eye and heart. The scenery is so admirably proportioned that it produces effects upon the imagination which at first seem to belong by right only to scenery of a sublimer kind. The truth, of course, is, that the charm of natural scenery is dependent quite as much upon its proportion as upon its bulk or height. Were it not so, the Andes would necessarily be finer than the Alps, and the Himalayas than the Andes. So deeply impressed was Wordsworth by this, among other characteristics, of the English Lake scenery—its exquisite proportion—that he devoted considerable space in his noble "Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England" to showing that the country of his birth might even be placed in a competition for beauty side by side with Switzerland, and gain some points in the encounter.

There is one respect, indeed, in which Cumberland has within the last few years entered into distant rivalry with Switzerland, that is, as a climbing resort. In winter the Lake mountains afford excellent sport; and it is no uncommon thing, both at Christmas and at Easter, to find members of the Alpine Club at Wastdale Head and Rosthwaite; just as, in North Wales, a few are usually to be found at the same seasons at Pen-y-Gwryd. The Pillar Rock in Ennerdale, the Deep Ghyll Pillar on Scafell, Piers Ghyll, the precipice of Pavey Ark, and the Sharp Edge on Blencathra, are all dainty morsels for the climber to consider, whether in winter or in summer, and it is whispered that members of the Alpine Club have turned back from ascents which are familiar to the climbing fraternity of the English Lakes.

Considering all things, then—seeing that we have in this tiny tract perfect natural beauty in many manifestations, pure and bracing air, an independent and upright population, and that it has been the home (and to a great extent the inspiration) of some of the greatest minds in modern English literature—it is the duty, as it should be the pride, of every Englishman to see that this precious heritage suffers no more damage at our hands; that, as unscarred as we receive it from our fathers, we transmit it to our children; that we keep its streams pure, its paths free, its lakes pellucid, its mountains open; that in this populous, busy land, this, at least, shall be a spot where man may meet his great Mother Nature face to face.

and commerce have played their parts in shaping the destinies of the population. But owing, no doubt, to the denseness of its forests, and its general inaccessibility, the wild mountain district has played an unimportant part in the county histories. Neither in historic records nor legends is the English Lake District as rich as North Wales or the Highlands. The absence of pre-historic remains from large tracts, coupled with the paucity of local names of Celtic origin, may be taken to show that even down to the days of the Saxon invasion the country was almost impassable. Many of the larger valleys must have been marsh, and the hills were probably covered with forest-trees—the fir, the oak, the ash, and the birch—while wild beasts, such as the wolf and the boar, preyed upon each other and upon man.

This wild and secluded country formed part of the domain of the Brigantes, one of the fiercest tribes of the aboriginal Britons. From Tacitus we get some obscure glimpses of the Brigantes and the Roman dealings with them. Cartimandua (notorious for her betrayal to the Romans of the heroic Caractacus), the wife of Venutius, the Brigantine chief, was unfaithful to her husband, butchered his brother and relatives, and took the field against him. By Roman help Cartimandua was enabled to defeat Venutius, who, however, after a long struggle, managed to reinstate himself upon the throne.

Yet it is scarcely probable that these transactions took place within the limits we have assigned to the Lake District, and for the same reason we need not here refer to the various walls constructed by the Romans to stay the incursions of the barbarous tribes from the north. The Romans, however, left numerous traces within the district in the shape of roads and stations. Prompted either by the desire to obtain the mineral wealth which they conceived to lie within the hills, or by the necessity for subduing the turbulent tribes who made their fastnesses among the mountains, the Romans penetrated to the lakes, and carried their roads across the mountains. The antiquaries are all at variance concerning the routes of these roads. It appears clear, however, that one, running northward from Manchester, had a station close to Kendal, another station at the head of Windermere, near Ambleside, and another at or near Keswick. At Ambleside the road would seem to have divided; one branch going up the Kirkstone Pass, and thence along the summit of the flat range of High Street, where the road can still be clearly traced to Old Penrith; the other running by Dunmail Raise to Keswick, thence following the course of the Derwent to the coast. The course of these roads is much a matter of speculation, for though undoubted Roman stations can be identified at different places, the course of a road can in no case be completely traced, and the old itineraries are misleading and incorrect. At Ambleside there were once important Roman remains, from which urns, coins, and fragments of tessellated pavement have been dug up. Camden, in his "Britannia," refers to this station, and speaks of it as the "carcase," as it were, of an ancient city, with great ruins of walls, and of buildings without the walls, still remaining scattered about. The present remains of this station are, however, very slight.



Elsewhere in Cumberland and Westmoreland the traces of the Roman occupation are especially numerous; and there is little doubt that a network of roads intersected the counties. When the Romans left Britain, the mountains formed a place of refuge for the Britons long after the more fertile land passed into the hands of the Danes and Saxons. Of the Danish and Saxon incursions no clear records exist, though they have left lasting traces upon the language, local nomenclature, and appearance of the inhabitants of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

The most authentic record of the Cumberland Britons is that of their defeat in 945 by the Saxon King Edmund, who gave Cumberland to Malcolm, King of Scotland. Pent up within the recesses of the mountains these last remnants of the ancient Britons had poured down, from time to time, to ravage the more fertile lands which had been taken from them by the foreign invader. This, their last struggle for independence, is said to have been made under the chief Dunmail. Local tradition adds that a pitched battle was fought between the Britons under Dunmail and the Saxons under Edmund, not far from Grasmere. Dunmail posted himself on high ground, but he was assailed in front and rear, and utterly routed. A rough heap of stones at the top of the saddle-like pass between Helvellyn and Seat Sandal called Dunmail Raise is said to mark the spot where the power of the British in Cumberland was finally broken. The particular heap of stones which marks the place where the gallant Dunmail fell is hardly distinguishable from the many other collections of stones on the hill-side, and the story is in the realm of the mythical. But it serves as well as another to mark the termination of the ancient struggle, and it is pleasant to believe it true. It serves, at any rate, to link the past and present; for there are the stones, lying close to the coach-road, and every coachman points with his whip to show where Dunmail, the last British King in Cumberland, met his death. Local tradition says that Dunmail's crown was sunk in Grisedale tarn; and it is but fair to add that the same authority attributes to the devil the existence of this same heap of stones. The devil, say the dalesmen, had collected an apronful of stones to carry across the vale. He had brought them thus far when his apron-strings gave way, and the boulders fell in a heap, to lie there till this day.

Under the Heptarchy, Cumberland and Westmoreland were the scene of constant border warfare, and at the time of the Norman conquest the country had been reduced to such a state of desolation that it is said that William remitted all the taxes. The Conquest by no means put an end to the Border troubles. The Border Service was instituted to prevent the incursions of the freebooters from either side of the Border, but it long remained an ineffective force. It is not difficult to trace the effect of this constant warfare upon the Lake District. Rendered almost impassable by the dense forests which filled the valleys and clothed the mountain-sides, and lying out of the way of communication between other parts of the island, it offered few attractions as a dwelling-place.

While the more level country which fringes the Lake District is

many hands for a long time, and it seems likely to stand as long as the mountains themselves. The modern plan (familiar to every sportsman in the Scottish Highlands) of marking the boundaries of various properties, and preventing the sheep from straying, is by galvanised wire stretched between iron posts. The device seems poor and artificial, and out of keeping with the surroundings. Disfiguring to the landscape as are these networks of stone walls, they are at least native to the place and in harmony with the surroundings, while the wire-fencing is strange and imported, and introduces the element of mechanism where one would rather have Nature to herself. The stone walls, which originally marked the boundaries of the numerous small tenements, were originally by no means so great a disfigurement as they are now, for they ran, in great measure, among trees and through woods, which have since disappeared.

It has been seen how the necessities of the Border warfare determined the tenure of land and tended to a great increase of the population among the mountains and valleys of the Lake District. So turbulent a life naturally left its traces upon the habits and manners of the people. Macaulay has given a vivid picture of the Lake District before the union of the English and Scotch Crowns:—

"Before the union of the two Crowns, and long after that Union, there was as great difference between Middlesex and Cumberland as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those squatters who, far to the west of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the knife and the dagger. The parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the eighteenth century could well remember the time when these ferocious dogs were common. Yet even with such auxiliaries it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses; for the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George III. the path over the Fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road. The seats of the gentry and the larger farmhouses were fortified. Oxen were penned at night beneath the overhanging battlements of the residence. The inmates slept with arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and scald the plunderers who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveller ventured into that country without making his will."

Yet the long-continued Border Wars seem to have left little trace of social disintegration. No counties were more loyal to the principles of the Revolution of 1688; none were more active in opposing the Pretender in 1745. With the union of the two Crowns and the pacification of the Border, the social conditions gradually changed. There was no longer necessity for numerous feudal vassals; the population diminished; the small tenements were combined in large estates; substantial farmhouses took the place of the numerous small buildings which had served to lodge the early settlers. The condition of the "statesmen" slowly but steadily improved. Agriculture was, indeed, conducted on primitive methods, and there were no roads. Communication was carried on by pack-horses, which traversed the mountain passes and the numerous narrow lanes which intersected the country in all directions.

In 1752 a Bill was obtained for making a road from Burton, through Kendal and Shap, to Eamont Bridge. Before that time the trade of Kendal had been carried on by 200 pack-horses. In 1774, the Fly, a stage-coach between London and Glasgow, first began running over Stanemoor. Each estate grew enough corn to make bread for the family living upon it, each family clothed itself from the wool spun from their own flocks. The rest of their modest wants were supplied by the sale of the surplus wool, which they carded and spun in their own homes, and then carried across the mountains to the nearest market-town.

Thus does Wordsworth describe the social life of the Cumberland and Westmoreland dalesman as it was up till sixty years before the time at which he was writing, that is, up till about the year 1760:—"Towards the head of these dales was found a perfect republic of shepherds and agriculturists, among whom the plough of each man was confined to the maintenance of his own family, or to the occasional accommodation of his neighbour. Two or three cows furnished each family with milk or cheese. The Chapel was the only edifice that presided over those dwellings, the supreme head of this pure Commonwealth, the members of which existed in the midst of a powerful empire like an ideal society, or an organised community, whose constitution had been imposed and regulated by the mountains which protected it. Neither high-born nobleman, knight, nor esquire was here; but many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land which they walked over and tilled had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of their name and blood; and venerable was the transition when a curious traveller, descending from the heart of the mountain, had come to some ancient manorial residence in the more open parts of the Vales, which, through the rights attached to its proprietor, connected the almost visionary mountain Republic he had been contemplating with the substantial frame of society as existing in the laws and constitution of a mighty empire."

Much has happened since Wordsworth thus described the English Lake District. Change—perhaps we ought to call it progress—has left its mark both upon its external aspect and its social usages. Though local peculiarities still linger in outlying valleys, and ancient customs may yet be observed in the interior fastnesses of the district, the old life has gone beyond recall. The older dwellings are all that are left to remind us of the dalesman's life before the days of machinery, railways, and tourists in search of the picturesque. The old farmhouses still exist in the less frequented districts. They are low, and are built roughly and substantially of stone. The walls are two feet thick or more, the floors are flagged, and in most cases the outer door opens direct into the chief living-room, a deep and low porch serving to keep out the rain and the drifting snow. The stone floors are ornamented with scroll-work in coloured chalk; the rooms are low, and are crossed by heavy oaken beams. The furniture is heavy and strong, and antique cupboards, curiously carved, are often built into the thickness of the inner walls. The chimneys are wide, and on each side of the fireplace are oaken settles with carved backs, which have perhaps occupied their places since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

#### THE EARLY WRITERS ABOUT THE LAKES

We have briefly traced the history of the Lake District to a period in the latter part of the last century. Up till that time, the interior of the country was practically unknown to the rest of England. During the Civil Wars, and afterwards, Derwentwater and Windermere played some part; for on one of the islands of Windermere, Major Robert Philipson, locally known as "Robert the Devil," was besieged by Colonel Briggs, the Parliamentary magistrate of Kendal; and from Lord's Island, on Derwentwater, the plucky Lady Derwentwater escaped with her jewels to aid in procuring the release of her lord, imprisoned in the Tower for taking part in the rebellion of 1715. "The Lady's Rake," that steep cleft in Wallow Crag, still marks the way the adventurous lady is said to have taken. But, for all that, no one, save those who lived within its borders, knew what kind of scenery the district contained, and none would have cared to know. Presently, however, there arose in England the taste for the picturesque. There "had been generated," says Wordsworth, "a relish for secret parts

of natural scenery; and travellers, instead of confining their observations to towns, manufactories, or mines, began (a thing till then unheard of) to wander over the island in search of sequestered spots, distinguished, as they might accidentally have heard, for the sublimity or beauty of the forms of Nature there to be seen." This dawning taste for the picturesque sent some noted travellers on the road. The earliest noteworthy description of any of the English Lakes is to be found in a letter written in the middle of the last century by Dr. Brown, author of a pompous "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times."

His letter shows considerable observation, though it is largely tinged with the current "romantic" view of mountain-scenery. He contrasts the Vale of Keswick with Dovedale, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Few, if any, moderns will be inclined to admit the justice of the following description of Derwentwater, but it is tameness itself compared to the awful pictures of still more imaginative writers:—"At Keswick you will, on one side of the Lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the Lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale." Later, the honest Doctor declares that "the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances, *beauty, horror, and immensity* united," and he plunges with very creditable enthusiasm into a long description of the "permanent," as well as the "varying or accidental beauties of this astonishing scene."

Not long after the worthy Doctor Brown's prose rhapsodies we discover what is probably the earliest of all poems inspired by the Lakes—the trivial forerunner of a quantity of verse, some of it as matchless as that of Coleridge and Wordsworth, much of it as indifferent as that of "The Poet Close." This poem, first printed in 1755, is to be found in the first volume of "Pearch's Collection of Poems." It takes the form of an apostrophe to the River Derwent ("the beauteous brook of Borrowdale"), and of the one stanza runs thus:—

From savage parent, gentle stream,  
Be thou the Muse's favourite theme;  
O soft insinuating glide  
Silent along the meadow's side,  
Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass  
Resplendent all through fluid glass,  
Unless upon thy yielding breast  
Their painted heads the lilies rest,  
To where in deep capacious bed  
The widely liquid lake is spread.

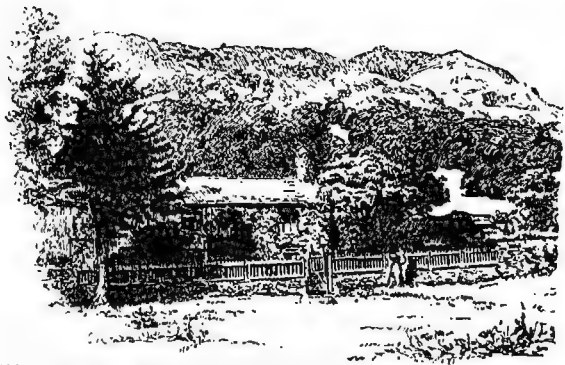


WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE, TOWN END

Dr. Dalton, we have no doubt, was an enthusiastic lover of Nature, as Nature was understood in his day, and in Lake literature he takes a unique position as the first Laureate of the Lakes. But we could wish that his verse had been better.

Ten years later we come upon a great name in Lake literature—that of Thomas Gray. Gray, there is no doubt, was the real discoverer of the English Lake District; and it was fit that this land of beauty, the home of the greatest Poet-Laureate of our century, should have been the discovery of a great poet of the century before—one who might have been Laureate also, save for a mistaken sense of pride. For a man said to have been of a particularly indolent habit, Gray got through a good deal of travelling, in a time when travelling was very far from being as easy as it is at present. His famous tour with Horace Walpole in 1739 through France, Switzerland, and Italy might well, one would think, have led so over-fastidious a critic to depreciate the miniature beauties of our English Lakeland. But it was by no means so. Gray visited the English Lakes first in 1767, the year after his visit to Scotland, and again in 1769. On his second visit he was accompanied as far as Brough by his friend Dr. Wharton, who was unable to proceed further on account of an attack of illness. Gray thereupon continued his journey alone, and kept a diary for the amusement of his absent friend. On this occasion (it was in September, 1769, only two years before his death) he entered the District at Ullswater, having travelled from Penrith.

Wordsworth, writing in 1820 of this journal of Gray's, said that it "excites that pensive interest with which the human mind is ever disposed to listen to the farewell words of a man of genius," and he speaks of his visit to Keswick as a "forlorn and melancholy pilgrimage." The editor of the third edition of West's "Guide to the Lakes" (of which the first edition was published in 1778, the eleventh in 1821), writing in 1784, tells us that "Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a plano-convex mirror of about four inches diameter on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glass of this sort is perhaps the best or most convenient substitute for a camera obscura of anything that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician." Does any tourist to-day, we wonder, carry one of these quaint instruments? From Ullswater, Gray made his way to Keswick, passing Saddleback, "whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noonday sun, whilst its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it." He "passed by the side of Skiddaw and its cub, called Latrigg, and saw from an eminence at two miles distance the valley of Elysium in all its verdure; the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre." The next day he walked by the margin of the lake to Borrowdale, passing Wallow Crag, "which awfully overlooks the way," and reaching Lodore Falls. "The height appeared to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though, these three days excepted, it had rained in the hills for nearly two months before; but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. . . . We descended again, and passed the stream over a rude bridge. . . . Soon after, we came under Gowdar Crag, a hill more formidable to the eye and to the



NABB COTTAGE, NYDAL (THE RESIDENCE OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE)

covered in all directions with ancient houses, castles, and monasteries, scarcely any are to be found on the margins of the lakes, or in the inner valleys. The country, indeed, was long abandoned to outlaws, and was visited occasionally only by shepherds and foresters. Changes of great importance in determining the aspect of the country gradually took place, however, as the Norman polity became regularly established. West, in his, "Antiquities of Furness," explains the system on which the Abbots parcelled out their lands among the tenants. Furness being to the south of the mountain district, and therefore less liable to incursions from the north, appears to have become settled at an earlier date than other parts of the country, and the example of the Abbots was followed later by many of the feudal lords. "When the Abbots of Furness enfranchised their vassals, and raised them to the dignity of customary tenants, the lands which they had cultivated for their lord were divided into whole tenements; each of which, besides the customary annual rent, was charged with the obligation of having in readiness a man completely armed for the king's service on the borders, or elsewhere; each of these whole tenements was again subdivided into four equal parts, each villein had one; and the party tenant contributed his share to the support of the man of arms, and of other burdens. These divisions were not properly distinguished; the land remained mixed; each tenant had a share through all the arable and meadow-land, and common of pasture over all the wastes. These sub-tenements were judged sufficient for the support of so many families; and no further division was permitted. These divisions and sub-divisions were convenient at the time for which they were calculated; the land so parcelled out was of necessity more attended to, and the industry greater, when more persons were to be supported by the produce of it. The frontier of the kingdom, within which Furness was considered, was in a constant state of attack and defence; more hands therefore were necessary to guard the coast, to repel an invasion from Scotland, or make reprisals on the hostile neighbours. The dividing the lands in such manner as has been shown increased the number of inhabitants, and kept them at home till called for; and the land being mixed, and the several tenants united in equipping the plough, the absence of the fourth man was no prejudice to the cultivation of his land, which was committed to the care of three."

While the population of the fertile land and of the valleys was thus largely increased, the mountain-sides and the further valleys were gradually brought under cultivation. Homesteads were erected in the more accessible spots, and no claimants being found to dispute the possession of the barren mountain sides, these were gradually enclosed by stone walls, running in some cases nearly to the tops of the mountains. These stone walls, many of them hundreds of years old, are among the characteristic features of the scenery of the Lake District. They are almost always admirably built, and they are a standing testimony to the patience and industry of our forefathers. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is that which runs for miles along the flat top of the High Street range. The building of such a high and solid wall must have occupied

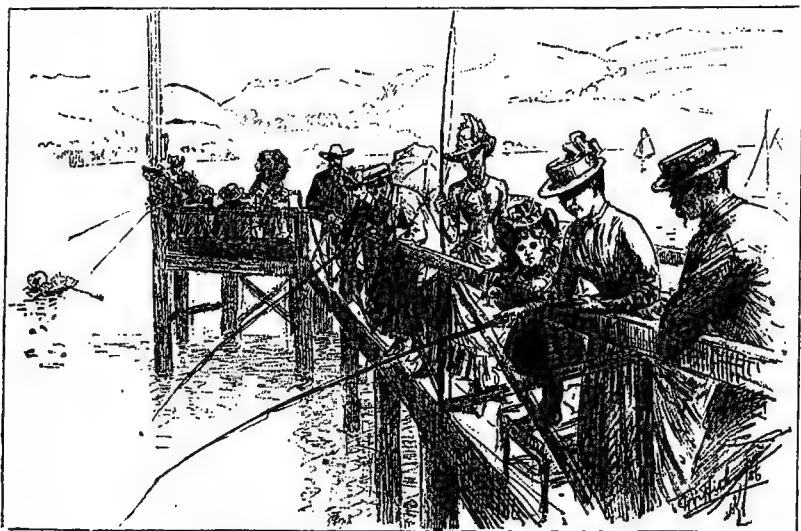




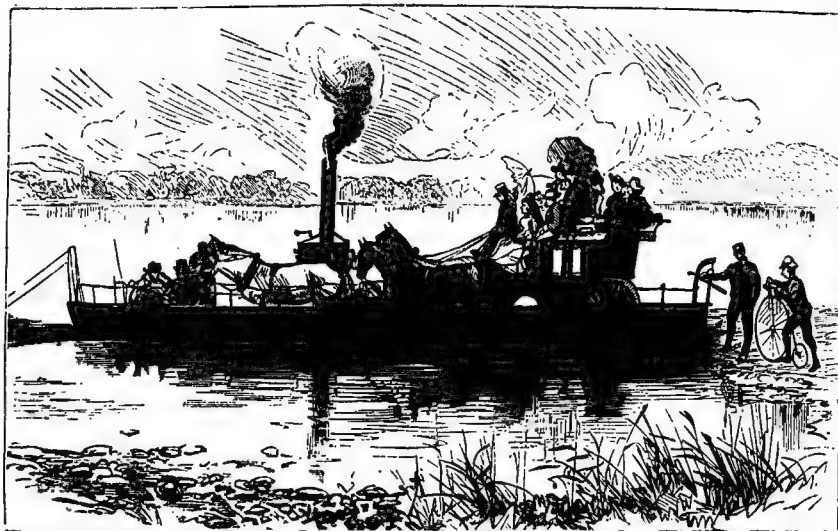
ESTHWAITE WATER



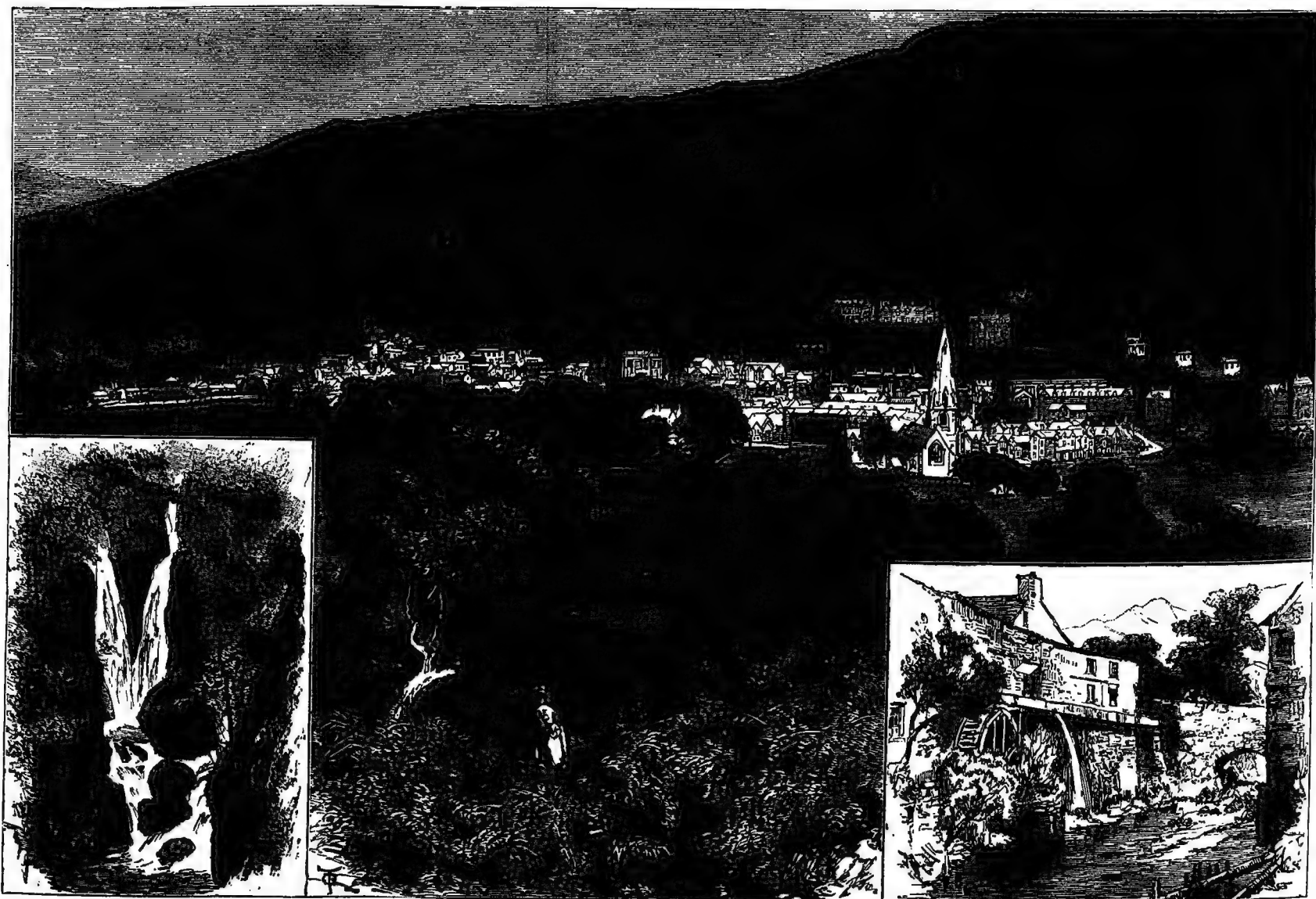
WORDSWORTH'S SCHOOL AT HAWKSHEAD



FISHING FROM LOW WOOD PIER, WINDERMERE



THE FERRY, WINDERMERE

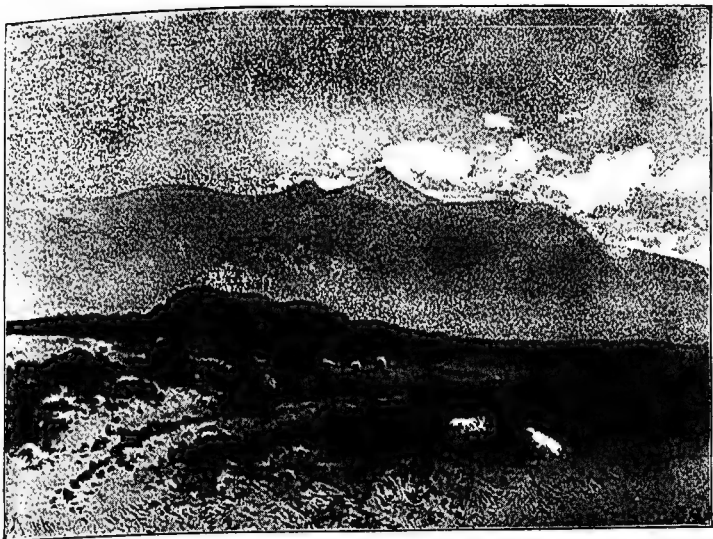


STOCK GHYLL FORCE, AMBLESIDE

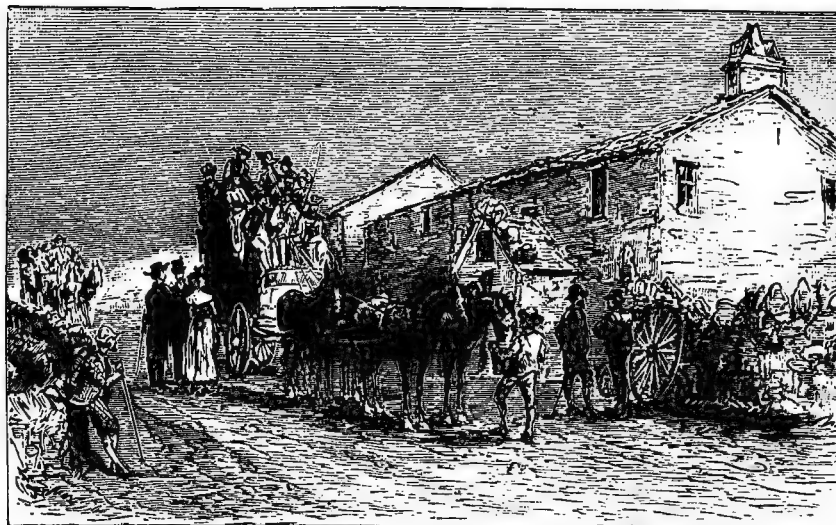
GENERAL VIEW OF AMBLESIDE

THE OLD MILL, AMBLESIDE





HIGH STREET RANGE FROM WANSFELL



"THE TRAVELLER'S REST"—COACHES CROSSING KIRKSTONE PASS



STY BARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER



THE UPPER REACH OF ULLSWATER



STRIDING EDGE AND RED TARN, HELVELLYN



ARA FORCE, ULLSWATER

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, ILLUSTRATED—I.



apprehensions, than that of Lodore; the rocks at top, deep-cloven perpendicularly by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers. The whole way down, and the road on both sides, is strewn with piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk; the place reminds one of those passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the stones above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here, and hastened on in silence." Gray penetrated no further into Borrowdale than Grange, which is no wonder, seeing how "the jaws of Borrowdale" had frightened him; but he heard that you could proceed four miles further to Seathwaite. But then, "all further access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalesmen; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, 'the reign of Chaos and Old Night;' only I learned that this dreadful road, divided again, leads one branch to Ravenglass, and the other to Hawkshead." The farmer at Grange entertained him with "butter that Sisera would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes and ale," and he returned home the way he came. From the 3rd to the 8th of October, he lingered about Keswick, and then took the Ambleside road. He passed Helvellyn and Thirlmere, and when, at Dunmail Raise, the first sight of Grasmere met him, he declared it to be "one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate . . . not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest, most becoming attire." Alas, how changed the scene since Gray beheld Grasmere thus. He reached Ambleside, "meaning to lie there; but, on looking into the best bed-chambers, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Windermere in despair, and resolved I would go on to Kendal directly, fourteen miles further." So Gray passed out of the district. This visit of his is memorable in the history of the Lakes, for Gray was the first of the band of tourists which increases in numbers every year. He was the discoverer of the English Lake District.

Between Gray and Gilpin—The Rev. William Gilpin, M.A., Prebendary of Salisbury and Vicar of Boldre, near Lymington—there is an interval of a very few years, and Gilpin, if we except Pennant, who was there in the same year, was the next important literary visitor to the Lakes. Mr. Gilpin went there in 1772, and he published a curious book entitled, "Observations, Chiefly Relative to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1772, on several Parts of England; Particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland." It is an elaborate work, discussing minutely the component parts of good scenery of different kinds in a manner which revealed the awakening taste for natural beauty, combined with the artificial instincts of the "landscape-gardener." From the introduction, we learn that the Lakes had by this time become so popular that one Mr. Farington had made a series of plates of them, that of "the fall of Lodore" being described as of particular beauty. It has not been our good fortune to see these plates. The Prebendary journeyed through the Midlands to the confines of the Lake District, and, before proceeding with his descriptions, he gave us several chapters, not a little tedious, of "general remarks on lakes—how the lake differs from the fen and the pool—general remarks on foregrounds—the cragg—cascades," and so on.

Gilpin is a fine example of the timid traveller who is frightened out of his wits at the sight of a mountain, and who trembles with awe at the roaring of a cascade. When he first saw the Vale of Grasmere (approaching it from the south) he declared that "the soul involuntarily shuddered at the first aspect of such a scene," and in quitting it, and looking back upon it from Dunmail Raise, he exclaims, "with regard to the adorning of such a scene with figures, nothing could suit it better than a group of banditti. Of all the scenes I ever saw, this was the most adapted to the perpetration of some dreadful deed. The imagination can hardly avoid conceiving a band of robbers lurking under the shelter of some projecting rock; and expecting the traveller as he approaches along the valley below." Reaching Derwentwater, this adventurous gentleman cannot refrain

from expressions of rapture. Yet the idea of dread is still strong in his mind; and he quotes with approval the delightful saying of "the late Mr. Avison, organist of St. Nicholas at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who, on first seeing it, cried out, 'Here is beauty indeed—Beauty lying in the lap of Horror.'" Mr. Gilpin must have the credit which belongs to a man of enterprise and courage. Gray seems to have kept contentedly to the roads; Gilpin feared not to "clim t' fells." "Which way to Watenlath?" said one of our company to a peasant, as we left the vale of Borrowdale. "That way," said he, pointing up a lofty mountain, steeper than the tiling of a house. To those who are accustomed to mountains, these perpendicular motions may be amusing; but, to us, whose ideas were less elevated, they seemed rather peculiar. And yet there is something unmanly in conceiving a difficulty in traversing a path which we were told the women of the country would ascend on horseback with their panniers of eggs and butter, and return in the night. To move upwards, keeping a steady eye on the objects before us, was no great exercise to the brain; but it rather gave it a rotation to look back on what was past—and to see our companions below clinging, as it appeared, to the mountain's side.

With one or two more references to those literary pioneers in Lakeland we have finished this section. Cumberland's "Ode to the Sun," published in 1779, need not detain us long. It is a production which faintly recalls here and there "The Bard" of Gray, of whose manner Cumberland is evidently proud to be thought an imitator. A stanza will suffice to show its quality:—

Now downward as I bend my eye,  
What is that atom I espy,  
That speck in Nature's plan?  
Great Heaven! is that a man?

And hath that little wretch its care,  
Its freaks, its follies, and its airs;  
And do I hear the insect say,  
"My lakes, my mountains, my domain?"  
Oh! weak, contemptible, and vain!  
The tenant of a day.  
Say to old Skiddaw, "Change thy place,"  
Heave Helvellyn from his base,  
Or bid impetuous Derwent stand  
At the proud waving of a master's hand.

To West's "Guide to the Lakes" we have already referred. It was practically the first regular guide-book, and it long remained the best. The first edition was published in 1778. West died in the next year; but the book afterwards ran through no less than eleven editions. West is described as "a man who had the chief part of his education on the Continent, where he afterwards presided as a professor in some of the branches of natural philosophy. He had seen many parts of Europe, and considered what was extraordinary in them with a curious, if not with a judicious and philosophic eye. Having in the latter part of his life much leisure time on his hands, he frequently accompanied 'genteel parties on the Tour of the Lakes,' and thus gathered the material for his capital Guide. It is curious to note that the 'personally conducted tour' is at least as old as the year 1775.

Before bringing this section to a close we must spend a moment or two with the beautiful and vivacious Ann Radcliffe, "the Salvatore Rosa of British novelists." She visited the Lakes in 1794, when she was already a success in literature, but before she had published "The Mysteries of Udolpho." In the backgrounds of this famous old novel we can trace more of the Rhine than of the English Lakes; but we have seen that all the writers of the period looked with awe upon even the gentlest bits of Westmoreland scenery; and who can tell how far this visit to the Lakes may not have inspired some of those images of the ruined castles, the obscure solitudes, the wild banditti, and the shadowy forms of supernatural visitants with which "The Mysteries of Udolpho" is filled. Mrs. Radcliffe's account of her ascent of Skiddaw is admirably written, and is one of the best extant. The "tremendous wilds," "the turbulent chaos of dark mountains," "the astonishing and gloomy grandeur," of course impressed her; and of the streams she said that they "are sublime from the length and precipitancy of their course, which, hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act, as it were, in sympathy with the nerves; and to save ourselves from following, we recoil from the view with involuntary horror." Yet this description, written at a time when the romantic school was at its height is scarcely more ridiculous than some of the things that have been written about the Lake mountains by ladies in our own day; by Miss Martineau for example, in her otherwise excellent Guide. Miss Martineau has a rooted horror of even the moderately difficult places among the mountains, and even Miss Braddon exaggerates enormously the danger in quite usual ascents, such, for example, as that of Helvellyn, by way of Striding Edge. "I sit and shiver," writes the author of "Vixen," "on the topmost point of the mountain. I look feebly at the Striding Edge, a narrow and precipitous spur which juts out from the main bulk of Helvellyn, and try and note the points from which divers aspiring souls have been hurled to eternity, and, above all, the white tablet which marks the spot where the dead youth was found, watched by his faithful dog, to live for ever in deathless verse. The Striding Edge is to Helvellyn proper as the Matterhorn to Mont Blanc. The Striding Edge is *chic*. Later on, when we can hear ourselves speak, the guide tells me how he and a certain Colonel Somebody have walked upon the Striding Edge where it is as narrow as the pointed ridge of a roof. I admire, but I do not wish to emulate that gallant officer's perambulations." Perhaps it were unfair to criticise gravely such writing as this, which is avowedly facetious; but, as a matter of fact, it may be pointed out that only two persons in the course of recorded history, have been killed on Striding Edge (one in early spring, when the rocks were covered with snow, and one when in pursuit of a fox), and that there is a path along it which is almost as safe, even for ladies, as any foot-path in the District.

#### HOW BEST TO SEE THE LAKES

UNQUESTIONABLY the best way to begin a visit to the Lakes is to enter the District at the foot of Windermere. Not at the village of Windermere, whither the railway takes you from Kendal, but at the foot of the Lake, at Newby Bridge. To enter the District at the village of Windermere and thence to drive at once by omnibus or coach to Ambleside, as so many do, is like entering by the back-door. All the beauty of the approach is lost. Mr. Ruskin has well said that the scenery of the Lakes begins near Lancaster, and it is perfectly true. The route by Windermere village may appear, to those approaching from the south, the shortest way, and it is the shortest in actual geographical distance. Yet if the right trains be chosen, the route to Lake Side by Carnforth, Ulverston, and Greenodd is very little longer, and as the railway company run several trains in the summer, which do not go into Ulverston at all, but run direct to Greenodd across the estuary of the Leven, the time occupied is quite as short as that by the Oxenholme and Kendal route; and the gain in beauty is enormous. The scenery along the railway from Carnforth to Ulverston, whether the view be towards the sea or towards the land, is unique. On the one hand stretch the wide and desolate sands of Morecambe Bay, wide and desolate if the tide be out, twinkling in the sun and dotted with sails if the tide be in. Many are the tragic tales of death upon these wastes, as the graveyard at Cartmel can testify.

In the pre-railway days, the coach-road traversed the sands from Hest Bank, near Morecambe, to Kent's Bank, and guides paid by the Duchy of Lancaster were especially told off to guide the drivers across in safety, for the channels of the rivers constantly shift, and the tide rushes in with incredible swiftness. For miles the railway skirts the very margin of the sea, rushing now and then over sounding viaducts crossing the estuaries of the Kent and the Leven, and offering far views up the valleys to where the blue mountains spring upwards in their shapely outlines. The view changes with every few hundred yards, and no one who has enjoyed this magnificent approach to the Lake District will ever care again to be led blindfold into it at Windermere. At Lakeside will be found comfortable screw steamers to carry the traveller up the Lake to Bowness or to Ambleside, at its head. Before the railway the old paddle-steamer used to come down as far as Newby Bridge itself; but the station is now at Lakeside, on the lake.

To see the Lakes properly, less than a month scarcely suffices. A glimpse can be had in a week. On the other hand many beauties will remain unexplored after six months' of diligent work. But for a good general view a month will suffice, and this should be divided between four centres. Those we recommend are Ambleside, Patterdale, Keswick, and Wastdale Head. For Ambleside Grasmere may be substituted, for Keswick Grange or Rothwaite. Ambleside and Keswick are both ugly towns, though Keswick is far the worse; and in the summer time the "tripper" possesses them in force. But at any other time than the height of the season Ambleside and Keswick are certainly better, as centres for excursions, than Grasmere and Grange. Approaching the district from the south, and by the route we have recommended, the visitor finds himself at Ambleside well within the district, and surrounded by some of its most famous scenery. Grasmere and Rydal are within very easy distance in one direction. Hawkshead and Conistone are somewhat further in another. The High Street range is accessible

on the east, and beautiful Langdale is close at hand on the west. At the end of the first week coach may be taken over the Kirkstone Pass to Patterdale, where the scenery is widely different. A week is by no means too much to devote to Patterdale. Finer mountains enclose it, and some of these must be ascended. Patterdale, too, is particularly rich in fine walks, and from it that beautiful but rarely-visited lake, Haweswater, is easily reached. "Ara Force, that torrent hoarse" is the most beautiful waterfall of the neighbourhood, and hither the tourist may saunter in an evening, and try to call up the images of the knight and the lady whose sad story is bound up with the place. The greasy newspapers, broken bottles, and orange peel, usually found in the glen, are, however, disturbing elements to a contemplative and sensitive mind.

From Patterdale, it will be well, at the end of the week, to take the steamer to Pooley Bridge, and driving thence to Penrith, to take train to Keswick. Or carriage may be taken to Troutbeck on the same line. Of Keswick, and what is to be seen in its neighbourhood, we will speak in another section. A week will merely allow a glimpse at the beauties which surround it. The last week should be spent at Wastdale Head, and this experience should on no account be missed. You can retire from the District at Driggs or Seascale, two small sea-coast towns on the Whitehaven line.

Travellers from the North would, of course, enter the district at Keswick; but to enter at Windermere is always better, since the tamer and more pastoral country lies in that direction. Railways now enter the Lake District at six points: Lake Side, Windermere, Conistone, Keswick, Shap, and Boot, so that, come from what quarter you may, you may always be sure of being set down by a train within easy walking distance of the best scenery of the district.

#### WINDERMERE

WINDERMERE, the largest of the Lakes, has a fame in which it is equalled only by its northern rival Derwentwater. Upon its shores have lived, at different times, a number of famous men, and upon its islands have been enacted scenes which have become part of the local history. In actual beauty Windermere is, we think, surpassed both by Ullswater and Derwentwater. Yet comparisons of this sort are difficult, and perhaps unwise. Each lake has its own beauty, and it would probably be difficult to surpass in the whole world the enchantment of the view from Orrest Head. It has been objected by some critics that Windermere is too long and winding for perfect beauty as a lake, and that it has more the character of a river. This view was hotly contested by Professor Wilson, than whom there have been few better judges, and with whom Windermere was the favourite lake. It has indeed no great heights upon its actual banks like Derwentwater; but, on the other hand, the mountains are near enough to give dignity to all its views. Its banks, too, are nowhere flat or insignificant. Wooded hills surround the lake on all sides, running close down to the water's edge. In May and in autumn nothing can surpass the beauty and variety of the tints of foliage around the margin of Windermere. The dark stems of the oaks, the brilliant colours of the mountain ash, the purple or crimson of the copper beeches, and the golden tint of the Scotch fir, make an admirable combination of colours. The willow and the yew, the larch and the sycamore, the silver-birch and the elm, each adds a character of its own to the exquisite combination. It is only at the head of the lake, where the Rydal Valley begins, that the banks dwindle into flatness, and here enter the two rivers the Brathay and the Rothay, the Brathay having its rise in the mountain-group at the head of Langdale, and forming Elterwater before it joins the Rothay just above the point where the two rivers flow into the lake. The Rothay comes from Grasmere and Rydal. It is noted as a curious fact that the char, at spawning time, always go up the Brathay, and the trout up the Rothay. The many islands of Windermere add another element of picturesqueness, and some of them have been the scene of stirring events. There is for example the story of Major Robert Philipson, a cavalier leader, who withstood, on Curwen Island, once called Langholme, a siege of nine weeks carried on by Briggs, the parliamentary major and magistrate at Kendal. The siege was raised, and Philipson, at the head of a picked party, crossed to the mainland and rode to Kendal in search of his enemy. It was Sunday, and all Kendal was at prayers: Philipson went to the church, and before the astonished congregation had time to recover from their surprise, he rode his horse up one aisle and down another. Briggs, luckily for him, had not come to church that day, and the daring major had reached the door in safety, when some one, plucking up courage, made a slash at his girth, and unhorsed the plucky cavalier. Robert killed him on the spot, and, mounting again on the girthless saddle, was away before any one could stop him, and back to his safe little island. So, at least, goes the story.

Mrs. Hemans, William Wilberforce, and Professor Wilson are some of the famous persons who have, at different times, had their homes on the shores of Windermere. Mrs. Hemans, having visited Wordsworth in 1830, was so enchanted with Lake scenery and solitude, that she established herself in a tree-embowered cottage called "Dove Nest." It is close to the present Low Wood Hotel. "I am writing to you," she says, in a letter to a friend, "from an old-fashioned alcove in the little garden, round which the sweet-briar and the rose-trees have run completely wild; and I look down from it upon lovely Windermere, which seems at this moment even like another sky, so truly is every summer cloud and tint of azure pictured in its transparent mirror. I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know how I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement, but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like things of life over its blue water, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness." Mrs. Hemans left her lake-residence to die in Dublin, where she is buried; but it adds one tender memory the more to the beauties of Windermere to think that for a time this gentle poetess had a home upon its shores.

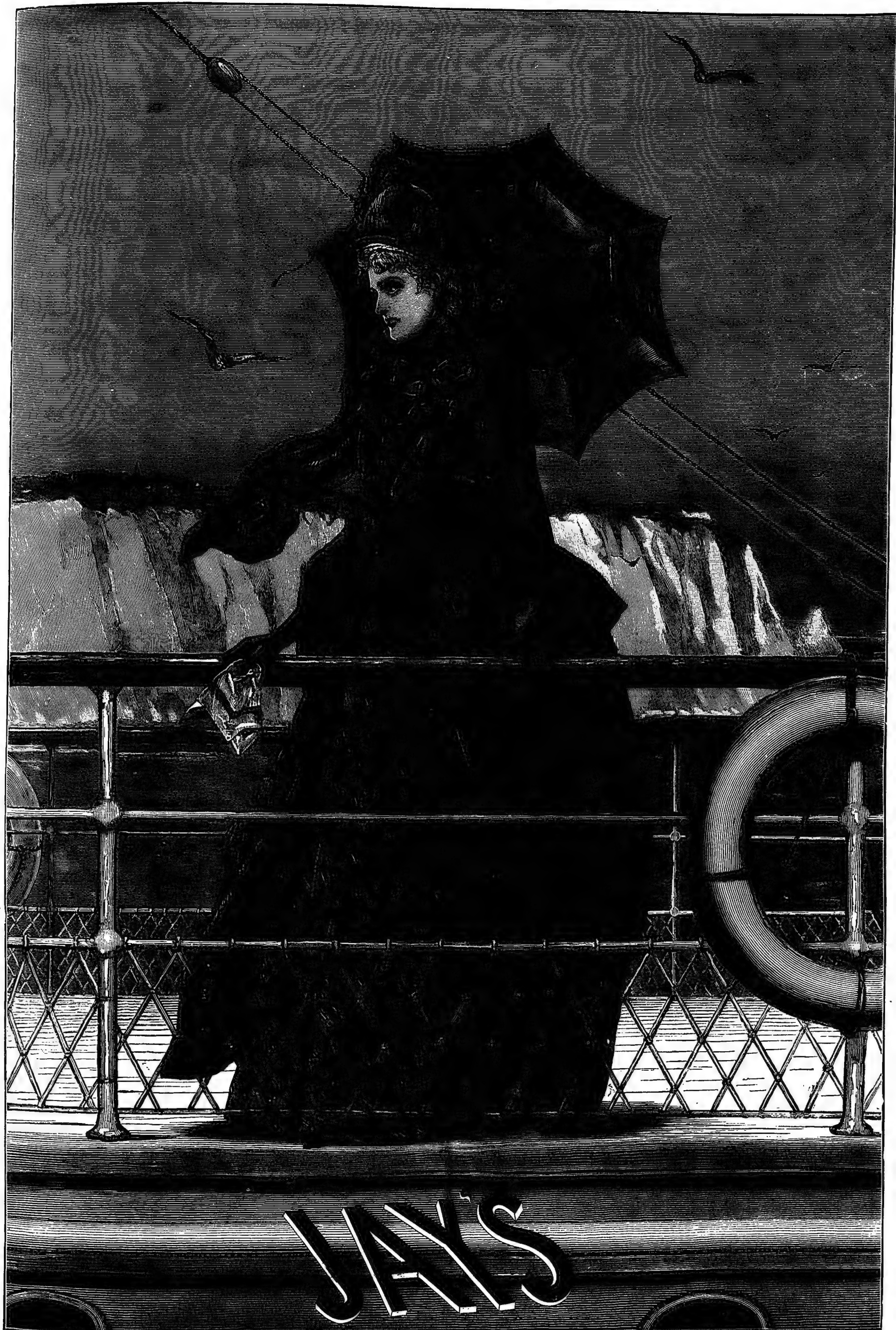
Rayrigg, close to Bowness, was for a longtime the residence of William Wilberforce, and it has been compared, with little reason, to Voltaire's Ferney on the Lake of Geneva. Wilberforce last lived there in 1788, and wrote of this time:—"I never enjoyed the country more than during this visit, when in the early morning I used to row out alone, and find an oratory under one of the woody islands in the middle of the lake." Wilberforce often invited Pitt to retire from London with him to his lake solitude, but we do not know that the Premier ever accepted the invitation.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

OUR engravings in this Supplement are from drawings made on the spot by our Special Artist, Mr. T. Griffiths, assisted in the cases of the views of Bowness, Miss Martineau's House, Nabb Cottage, Fox How, The Ferry, Windermere, Stock Ghyll Force, General View of Ambleside, Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's Grave, Dungeon Ghyll, The Traveller's Rest, Sty Barrow Crag, the Upper Reach of Ullswater, Striding Edge, and Ara Force, by photographs by Alfred Pettitt, the Art Gallery, Keswick. Mr. Pettitt's Art Gallery is a favourite resort in Keswick, and his collection of photographs of the Lake District is unrivalled for its excellence and completeness. The view of Skating on Rydal is drawn from a photograph by Herbert Bell, Ambleside. Mr. Bell's photographs of the Lakes are admirable, and he has views of the most out-of-the-way places. The view of the High Street Range from Wansfell is from a drawing by Mr. Arthur Tucker, Millom Close, Windermere.

(To be continued)

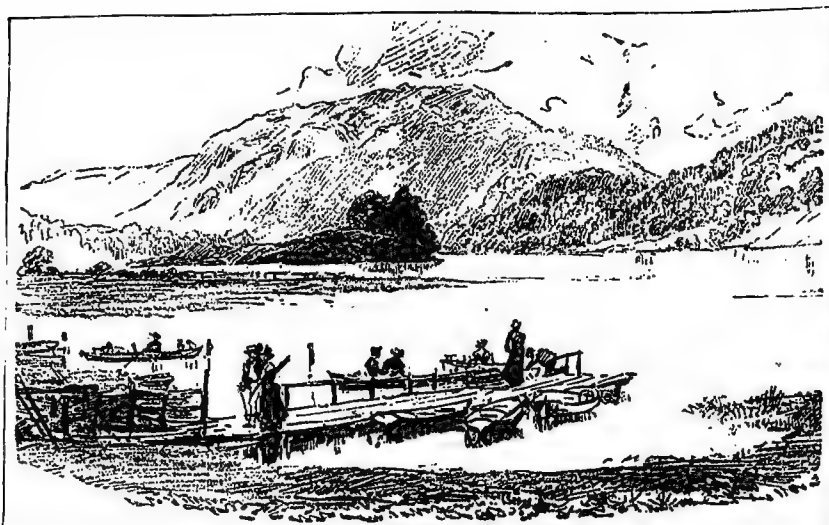




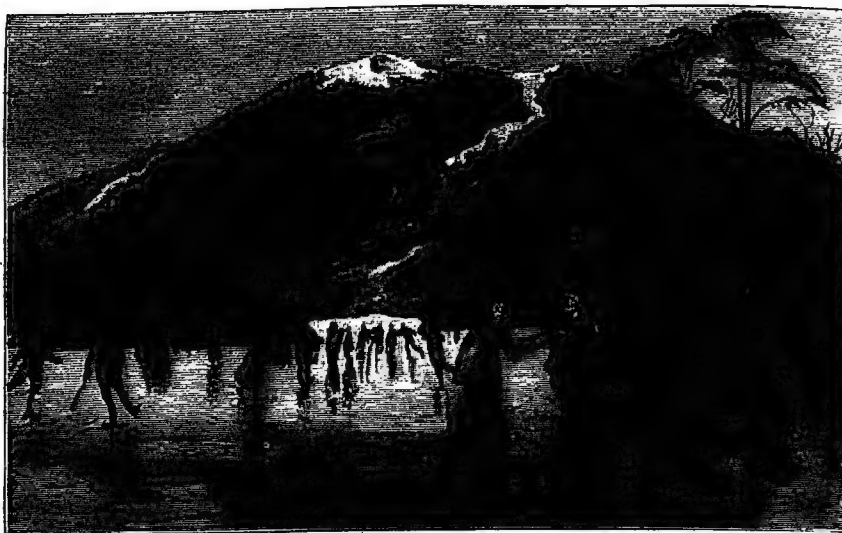
JAY'S

**MOURNING.**—In reply to many inquiries we recommend the **MAISON JAY'S**, REGENT STREET, LONDON.





GRASMERE FROM THE BOAT PIER



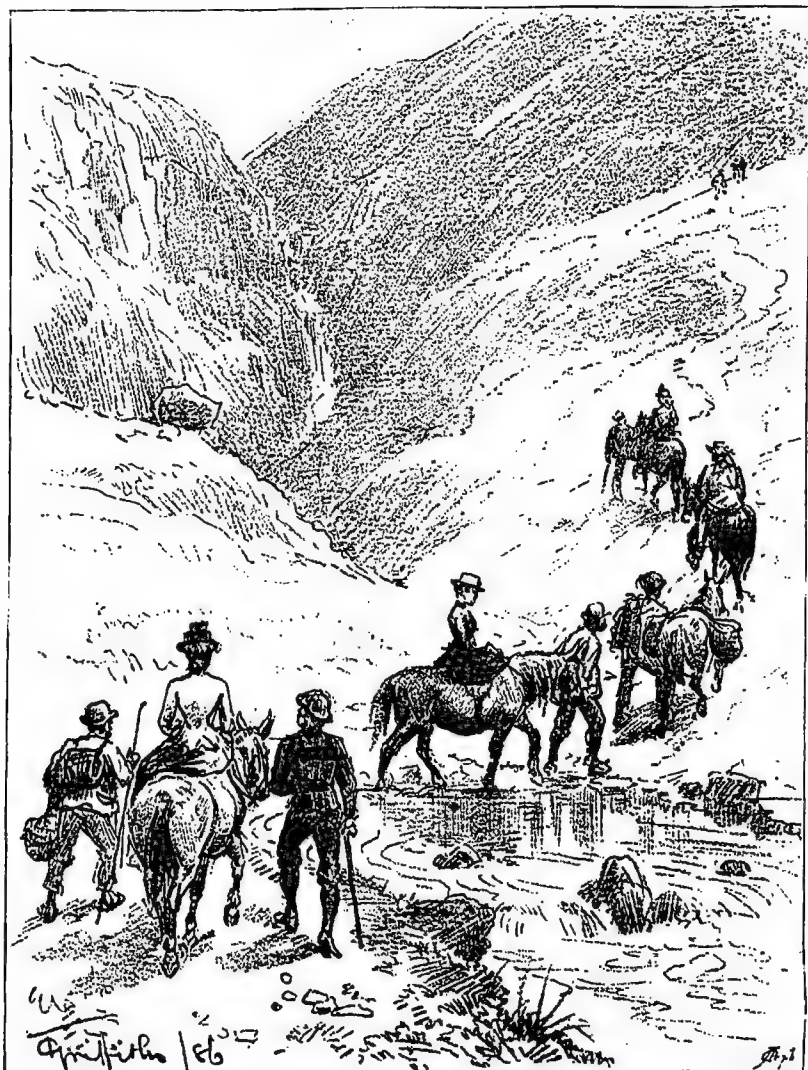
SKATING ON RYDAL WATER



RYDAL MOUNT, WORDSWORTH'S HOUSE



THE GRAVES OF THE WORDSWORTH FAMILY, GRASMERE



THE ASCENT OF HELVELLYN FROM WYTHBURN



DUNGEON GHYLL, LANGDALE





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

The next moment Mr. Theodore Bransby was ushered into the parlour.

## "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

### CHAPTER V.

WHEN Augustus Cheffington had paid that sudden visit to his mother-in-law which resulted in leaving May on her hands, Theodore Bransby happened to be at home during a University vacation, and was flattered by Captain Cheffington's notice. The fact was that Augustus found himself greatly bored and out of his element in Oldchester, and was glad to accept a dinner or two from Mr. Bransby, the solicitor to the Dean and Chapter; for Mr. Bransby's port wine was unimpeachable. He had also condescended to play several games of billiards with Theodore upon a somewhat mangy old table in the Green Dragon Hotel; and to smoke that young gentleman's cigars without stint; and to hold forth about himself in the handsomest terms, pleased to be accepted, apparently, pretty much at his own valuation. Theodore Bransby was no fool. But he was young, and he had his illusions. These were not of a high-flown ideal cast. He would have shrugged his shoulders at any one who should set up for philanthropy, or poetry, or socialism, or chivalry. But he was subdued by a display of nonchalant disdain for all the things and persons which he had been accustomed to look up to, from childhood. Mr. Bragg, the great tin tack manufacturer, his father's wealthiest client, was dismissed by Augustus Cheffington in two words: "Damned snob!" and even the Bishop he pronounced to be a "prosin' old prig," and spoke of the Bishop's wife as "that vulgar fat woman." These indications of superiority, together with many references to the noble and honourable Castlecombes and Cheffingtons who composed Augustus's kith and kin, had greatly fascinated Theodore. And Augustus had completed his conquest over the young man by giving him a letter of introduction to his sister, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, which letter was delivered when young Bransby went to London to read for the Bar.

Although the brother and sister had parted not on the best terms with each other, yet Augustus had not hesitated to give the introduction. He believed that his sister would be willing to honour his recommendation by showing civilities which cost her nothing; and, moreover, he was quite indifferent (being then on the point of saying a long farewell to Oldchester) as to whether the Dormer-Smiths snubbed young Bransby or not. They did not snub him. Mrs. Dormer-Smith rather approved of his manners; and it was quite clear that he wanted neither for means nor friends. She was

therefore inclined to receive him with something more than politeness. And, in justice to Pauline, it must be said that she was really glad of the opportunity to please her brother. She was not without fraternal sentiments; and she strongly felt that an introduction from a Cheffington to a Cheffington was not a document to be lightly dishonoured. As for Mr. Dormer-Smith, although his feelings towards his brother-in-law—never very cordial—had been exacerbated by having to pay the bill for the dowager's funeral expenses, yet his resentment had been to some degree soothed by Augustus's abrupt departure, and by his withdrawal of May from her aunt's house. For many years past the attachment of Augustus's relations for him had increased in direct proportion to the distance which divided him from them. In Belgium he was tolerated and pitied; had he gone to the Antipodes he would doubtless have been warmly sympathised with; and it might safely be prophesied that, when he should finally emigrate from this planet altogether, the surviving members of the family would be penetrated by a glow of affection.

"I think he's rather nice, Frederick," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith with a little sigh of relief after young Bransby's first visit.

"We may be thankful," returned her husband, "that Augustus has sent us a possible person. One never can reckon on what he may choose to do."

"Mr. Bransby is quite possible. Indeed, I think he is nice. He shall have a card for my Thursdays."

In this way Theodore had been received by Mrs. Dormer-Smith, and had established himself in her good opinion on further acquaintance. "He was," she said, "so quiet and so safe." At this time May Cheffington was still at school, being maintained there, as has been recorded, by her grandmother Dobbs; and Pauline would occasionally speak of her niece to young Bransby. She always spoke kindly, though plaintively, of the girl, over whom there hung the shadow of the unfortunate marriage.

Theodore Bransby was an Oldchester person, and could not, therefore, be supposed to be ignorant of that lamentable event. The fact was, however, that he had never heard a word about it until he had made Captain Cheffington's acquaintance in his native city. It had taken place before he was born; and, indeed, Oldchester had been less agitated by the marriage, even at the time when it happened, than any Cheffington or Castlecombe would have believed possible. But Pauline found young Bransby's sentiments on the subject all

that they should be. No one could have expressed himself more shocked at the idea of a gentleman's marrying a person in Susan Dobbs's rank of life than did this solicitor's son. And Mrs. Dormer-Smith had not the least suspicion that he would have considered such a marriage quite as shocking a *misalliance* for himself as for Captain Cheffington. "Misunderstanding" is used as a synonym for "discord"; but, perhaps, a great deal of social harmony depends on misunderstandings.

Theodore could not, of course, have the slightest personal interest in a schoolgirl whom he had never seen; but his sympathies were so entirely with the Cheffingtons on the question of the unfortunate marriage as to inspire him with an odd feeling of antagonism against Mrs. Dobbs, and a sense that she ought to be firmly kept in her place. He secretly thought Mrs. Dormer-Smith weakly indulgent in allowing Miss Cheffington to associate so freely with her grandmother, and was indignant at the idea of that plebeian exercising any authority over Lord Castlecombe's grandniece. However, all that would doubtless come to an end when the girl left school, and was introduced into society under her aunt's protection. Theodore flattered himself that he thoroughly understood the position. As for Viscount Castlecombe, he certainly knew all about *him*—or, at least, what was chiefly worth knowing; for he had read about him in the Peerage.

Primed with this varied knowledge, young Bransby held forth to Owen Rivers as they walked together through College Quad, across the open green beyond it, and up to the house of Mr. Bransby, senior, in the Cathedral Close. Here they parted. Rivers declined a polite invitation from the other to enter, and pursued his way alone towards the High Street; and Bransby, as he waited for the door to be opened, stood looking after him for a few moments.

The two young men had known each other more or less all their lives, but theirs was a familiarity without real intimacy. The years had not made them more congenial to each other. People began to say that they were rivals in Constance Hadlow's good graces. But, whether this were so or not, the latent antagonism between them had existed long before they grew to be men. They had never quarrelled. The air is always still enough in a frost. They did not even know how much they disliked one another. As Theodore watched Owen's retreating figure, the thought uppermost in his mind was that his friend's shooting-coat was badly cut, and that he did not remember ever to have seen him wear gloves.



The home of Mr. Martin Bransby, of the old-established firm of Cadell and Bransby, was a luxurious one. The house was an ancient substantial stone building, with a spacious walled garden behind it, contiguous to the Bishop's. The present occupant had made considerable additions to it. It is perhaps needless to say that he had been severely criticised for doing so, there being no point on which it is more difficult to content public opinion than the expenditure of one's own money. Several of Mr. Bransby's acquaintances were unable to reconcile themselves to the fact that he was not satisfied with the house which had satisfied his father and grandfather (for Martin Bransby was the third of his family who had successively held that house and the business of solicitor to the Dean and Chapter of Oldchester). It would have been better, they opined, if, instead of building new rooms, he had saved his money to provide for the young family rising around him. If it were observed to this irreconcilable party that the presence of a numerous family necessitated more space to lodge them in than the original house afforded, they would triumphantly retort, "Very well, then, what business had Martin Bransby to marry a second time? Or, if he must marry, why did he choose a young girl without a penny instead of some person nearer his own age and with a little property?" Martin Bransby, however, marrying rather to please himself than to earn the approval of his friends, had chosen a remarkably pretty girl of twenty, a Miss Louisa Lutyer, of a good Shropshire family, whom he had met in London. They had now been married twelve years, during which time five children had been born to them, and they had lived together in the utmost harmony. Those persons who disapproved of the match (solely in Mr. Bransby's interests, of course) could find nothing worse to say than that Martin was absurdly in love with his wife, and treated her with weak indulgence. In short, the irreconcilables were driven, year by year, to put off the date at which their unfavourable judgments were to be corroborated by facts, much as sundry popular preachers have been compelled by circumstances over which they had no control to postpone the end of the world.

Latterly they had had the mournful satisfaction of observing that Martin Bransby was looking far from well—harassed and aged. And when he was attacked by the severe illness which threatened his life, they solemnly hinted that the malady had been aggravated by anxiety about his young family; for although Martin had made, and was making, a great deal of money, yet, with three boys to put out in the world, two daughters to provide for, and an extravagant wife to maintain, even the excellent business of Cadell and Bransby must be somewhat strained to supply his needs.

At any rate, the evidences of wealth and comfort were as abundant as ever in the home which Theodore entered when he parted from his friend. There was plenty of solid furniture, dating from the dark ages before modern æstheticism had arisen to reform upholstery and teach us the original sinfulness of the prismatic colours. But these relics of the earlier part of the century were not to be found in the two spacious drawing-rooms, which had been arranged by the fashionablest of fashionable house-decorators from London. These rooms, together with a tiny cabinet behind them, which was styled "The Boudoir," were Mrs. Bransby's special domain. And here Theodore found her seated by the fireside. A book lay on her knees; but she was not reading it. She was resting in a position of complete repose, with her head leaning against the back of the chair, her hands carelessly crossed on her lap, and her feet supported on a cushion. She was enjoying the sense of bodily and mental rest which comes from the removal of a keen-edged anxiety; for during several weeks Mrs. Bransby had been the most devoted of sick-nurses, and had scarcely left her husband's room. But now the doctors had pronounced all danger to be over; the children's active feet and shrill voices were no longer hushed down by warning fingers; the housemaid sang over her brooms and dusters; and the mistress of the house had unpacked and put on a new "tea-gown," which had lain neglected for more than a fortnight in its brown-paper wrappings. From the golden-brown clusters of hair on her forehead to the tip of her dainty shoe every detail of her appearance was cared for minutely. Yet there was nothing of stiffness or affectation. She reminded one of an exquisitely-tended hothouse flower, and carried her beauty and her toilet with as perfect an air of unconscious refinement as the flower itself. Certainly Oldchester held no more lovely and graceful figure than Mrs. Bransby presented to the eyes of her stepson. Yet the eyes of her stepson rested on her with a glance of cool disapprobation. His manner of addressing her, however, was not more chilly than his manner of addressing most other persons—perhaps rather less so; and he was scrupulously polite.

"Did Hatch give a good account of my father this morning?" he asked, seating himself by the fire opposite to Mrs. Bransby.

"Excellent, thank goodness! He is to drive out on Wednesday, if the weather is favourable. I felt so soothed and comforted by Dr. Hatch's report, that I thought I would indulge myself with half-an-hour of perfect laziness," added Mrs. Bransby, with a deprecating glance at Theodore. She constantly reproved herself for assuming an apologetic attitude towards her stepson, but constantly recurred to it; she was so keenly conscious of his—always unexpressed—criticism.

"Mrs. Hadlow desired to send word that the Canon means to call on my father this afternoon, if he is well enough to see him."

"Oh yes; a talk with Canon Hadlow will do him good." Then, after an instant's pause, Mrs. Bransby asked, "Have you been in College Quad, then?"

"I lunched with Mrs. Hadlow. Rivers was there; I parted from him just now. And Miss Cheffington."

"Oh, really? Mrs. Hadlow is very kind to that little May Cheffington."

Theodore made no answer, but looked stiffly at the fire.

Mrs. Bransby went on: "I saw her in the cathedral at afternoon service yesterday, with the Hadlows. It struck me she was growing quite pretty. Don't you think so?"

"I should not call her pretty," began Theodore slowly.

Mrs. Bransby broke in: "Well, of course, she is eclipsed by Constance. Constance is so very handsome. But still—"

"I should not describe Miss Cheffington as pretty," pursued Theodore, in an inflexible kind of way. "She is something more than pretty. She looks throughbred."

"But that's exactly what she is *not*, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Bransby impulsively.

"I am not sure that I apprehend you."

"I mean her mother was quite a common person, was she not?"

"A woman takes her husband's rank."

"Yes; but she doesn't inherit his ancestors. Besides, one really doesn't know much about the father, for that matter. To be sure, Simmy was making a great flourish about May's grand relations in London this morning. But then all poor dear Simmy's geese are swans." (The name of "Simmy" had been bestowed on Mrs. Simpson by the youngest little Bransby but one; and although the elder children were reproved for using it, the appellation had come to be that by which she was most familiarly known in the Bransby family.)

"Mrs. Simpson is a silly person, but her information happens, in this case, to be correct," returned Theodore. "The relations with whom Miss Cheffington is going to live in London are friends of mine."

"Oh! Then what Simmy said is true?" said Mrs. Bransby simply.

Theodore proceeded, with a scarcely perceptible hesitation,

"I think you might invite Miss Cheffington here before she goes to town. I—I should be obliged to you for the opportunity of showing her some attention, in return for the Dormer-Smiths' kindness to me in London."

"Yes, I can ask the girl if you like," answered Mrs. Bransby, not quite as warmly as Theodore thought she ought to have answered such a suggestion from him; "but it will be rather stupid for her, I'm afraid. At the Hadlows there is a young girl near her own age; but here, unless she likes to play with the children, I don't see how we are to amuse her."

"I did not contemplate Miss Cheffington's playing with the children. I meant that you should invite her to a dinner-party, or something of that sort."

"Invite May Cheffington to a dinner-party!" repeated Mrs. Bransby, opening her soft, brown eyes in astonishment.

"My father spoke of giving a dinner before I go back to the Temple, and he said he thought he should be well enough to see his friends by the end of next week."

"Yes. He talked of inviting the Pipers, and the Hadlows, and perhaps Mr. Bragg."

"Could you not include Miss Cheffington? Perhaps if you allowed me to see your list I might help to arrange it."

"Oh, I suppose one *could*, but wouldn't it seem a very strange thing to do?"

A little colour came into Theodore's pale fair face, and his chin grew visibly more rigid above his cravat, as he answered, "I don't know. But the social *convenances* are not to be measured by Oldchester's provincial ideas as to their strangeness. And—pardon me—I don't think you quite understand Miss Cheffington's position."

And then he entered on an explanation of the "position," much as he had explained it to Owen Rivers; with only such suppressions and variations (chiefly regarding the private history of Augustus Cheffington) as he thought the difference between his hearers demanded.

"Well, I'm sure if your father has no objection, I have none," said Mrs. Bransby at length. And so Theodore got his own way. It was a matter of course that he should get his own way so far as his stepmother was concerned. Mrs. Bransby had, indeed, successfully resisted him on many occasions; but always through the medium of her husband. If Theodore attacked her face to face, she never had the courage to oppose him. Not that in the present case she very much wished to oppose him. Nor, in truth, had their wills ever clashed seriously. But the secret consciousness of her weakness and timidity was mortifying: for Mrs. Bransby, although too gentle to fight, was not too gentle to wish she could fight. And after Theodore had left the room, she sat for some time imagining to herself various neat and pointed speeches which would doubtless have brought down her stepson's sententious, supercilious tone, if she had only had the presence of mind to utter them.

## CHAPTER VI.

MAY CHEFFINGTON went back to her grandmother's house, very eager to understand the origin of the rumours about herself which she had heard at the Hadlows. Mrs. Dobbs had not calculated on this, and would have preferred to break the project to May herself, and in her own fashion. However, as it had been mentioned, she spoke of it openly. She merely cautioned her grand-daughter against rashly jumping at any conclusions: the future being very vague and unsettled.

"There's one conclusion I *have* jumped at, granny," said the girl, "and that is, that I don't mean to give you up for any aunts, or uncles, or cousins of them all. They are strangers to me, and I don't care a straw about them—how should I?—whilst *you* are—granny!"

"There is no question of giving me up, May. Perhaps I should not like that much better than you would. But if your father should think it right for you to stay for a while with his family, we mustn't oppose him. And I must tell you that I should think it right, too."

"Oh, if it's only staying 'for a while'—!"

"Well, at all events we needn't look beyond a 'while,' and a short while, for the present."

Mrs. Dobbs found it more difficult than she had anticipated to put before May the prospect of being removed from Oldchester altogether, and now that the idea of losing May out of her daily life fully presented itself, she felt a grip at the heart which frightened her. But she had one of those strong characters whose instinct it is to hide their wounds and suffer silently; and she resolutely put aside her own pain at this prospect—or rather, put it off to the solitary hours to come.

During the four years since her father had left her at Oldchester, May's life had been passed between her school at Brighton and her holidays in Oldchester. These had certainly been the happiest years she could remember in all her young life. Her grandmother's house had been the first real home she had ever known. Her recollections of their life on the Continent were dim and melancholy. She remembered fragmentary scenes and incidents in certain dull Flemish towns; their strong-smelling gutters, their topping gables, the *carillons* sounding high up in some ancient cathedral belfry. She had a vision of her mother's face, very pale and thin, with large bright eyes, and streaks of grey in the brown hair. May, as the youngest of Susan Cheffington's children, had come in for the worst part of their continental life. The earlier years, when there was still some money to spend and fewer debts to be run away from, had not been quite devoid of brightness. But poor little May's conscious observation had little to take note of at home save poverty, sickness, domestic dissensions, and frequent migrations from one shabby lodging to another. Then her mother died, and some six or eight months afterwards she was brought to England, and—Fate and the Dowager so willing it—was sent to school to Mrs. Drax in Brighton. The choice of this school proved to be a very fortunate one for the little motherless stranger. And perhaps the credit of it ought fairly to be assigned rather to Destiny than the Dowager. The latter would have selected a more fashionable, pretentious, and expensive establishment had she consulted merely her idea of what was becoming and suitable for Miss Miranda Cheffington. But she soon found that whatever was paid for that young lady's schooling must, sooner or later, come out of her own pocket, and she therefore preferred to honour Mrs. Drax with her patronage, rather than Madame Liebrecht, who had been governess for years in a noble family, and was supposed to accept no pupil who could not show sixteen quarterings; or, of course, their equivalent in cash.

The choice made was, as has been said, very fortunate for May. Mrs. Drax had the manners of a gentlewoman, and more amiability than could perhaps have been reasonably expected to survive a long struggle with her special world—a world of parents and guardians, who held, for the most part, a liberal view of her duties and a niggardly one of her rights. Here little May Cheffington remained as a pupil for nearly eight years. During the first half of that time she sometimes spent her holidays with the Dowager at Richmond, and sometimes in Brighton under the care of Mrs. Drax. She preferred the latter. Old Mrs. Cheffington did not treat the child with any active unkindness; but she showed her no tenderness. The little girl was usually left to the care of her grandmother's maid—an elderly woman, to whom this young creature was merely an extra burthen not considered in her wages. The child passed many a lonely hour in the garden, or beside the dining-room fire with a

book, unheeded. Her Aunt Pauline she only saw at rare intervals. She had a confused sense of innocently causing much sorrow to Mrs. Dormer-Smith, who seemed always to be afflicted (why, May did not for several years understand) by the sight of her clothes; and who used to complain softly to the Dowager that "the poor dear child was lamentably dressed." But, on the whole, she retained a rather agreeable impression of her aunt, as being pretty and gentle, and kissing her kindly when they met.

Then came the Dowager's death, the sudden journey to Oldchester, and the first acquaintance with that unknown Grandmother Dobbs, whose very name she had heard uttered only in a reproachful tone by the Dowager, or in a hushed voice by the Dowager's elderly maid, speaking as one who names a hereditary malady. And to this *taboo* Grandmother Dobbs the neglected child soon gave the warm love of a very grateful and affectionate nature. May did not know or guess that she was a burthen on her grandmother's means, nor would the knowledge have increased her gratitude at that time. It was the fostering affection which the child was thankful for. She nestled in it like a half-fledged bird in the warm shelter of the mother's wing. She was not timid or reserved by temperament; but the circumstances of her life had given her a certain repressed air. That disappeared now like hoar-frost in the sunshine. She was like a young plant whose growth had been arrested by a too chilly atmosphere. She burgeoned and bloomed into the natural joyousness of childhood, which needs, above all things, the warmth of love, and cannot be healthily nurtured by any artificial heat.

In her school there was no influence tending to diminish May's attachment to her grandmother, or her perfect contentment with the simple *bourgeois* home in Oldchester. Plain Mrs. Dobbs, who paid her bills punctually, and listened to reason, stood far higher in the schoolmistress's esteem than the Honourable Mrs. Cheffington, who was never contented, and required to be dunned for the payment of her just debts. As to her noble relations, May had no acquaintance with them, and never sighed to make it. She was ignorant of the very existence of many of them. When, at seventeen years of age, she was removed from school, she looked forward to living in the old house in Friar's Row, and she certainly desired no better home. Mrs. Drax, it has been said, had the manners of a gentlewoman, and she had not vulgarised May's natural refinement of mind by misdirecting her admiration towards ignoble things. The provincialisms in her grandmother's speech, and the homely style of her grandmother's household—although she clearly perceived both—neither shocked nor mortified May. On the other hand, she accepted it as a quite natural thing that she should be invited to Canon Hadlow's house as a guest on equal terms. As Mrs. Dobbs had said to Jo Weatherhead, May was very much of a child still, and understood nothing of the world. Her unquestioning acceptance of the situation as her grandmother presented it to her had something very childlike. She did not inquire how it came to pass that her Aunt Pauline, who had taken very little notice of her during the past four years, should now desire to have her as an inmate of her home. She did not ask why her father, after so long a torpor on the subject, had suddenly awakened to the necessity of asserting his daughter's position in the world; neither did she, even in her private thoughts, reproach him for having delegated all the care and responsibility of her education to "granny." A healthy-minded young creature has deep well-springs of unquestioning faith in its parents, or those who stand in the place of parents.

But there was one person not so easily contented with the first statement offered; and that person was Mr. Joseph Weatherhead. Mr. Weatherhead was very fond of May, and admired her very much. His social and political theories ought logically to have made him regard her with peculiar interest and consideration as coming of such very blue blood—at least on one side of the house. But it so happened that these theories had nothing on earth to do with his attachment to May. That arose, firstly, from her being Sarah Dobbs's grandchild (Jo would have loved and championed any creature, biped or quadruped, that belonged to Sarah Dobbs), and, secondly, from her being loveable. The poor man was often embarrassed by the conflict between his curiosity and his principles. His curiosity, which was as insatiable and omnivorous as the appetite of a pigeon, would have led him to cross-question May minutely about all she knew or guessed respecting her own future, and the probable behaviour of her father's family towards her; but his conscience told him that it would not be right to put doubts and suspicions into the girl's trusting young soul. Certainly he himself cherished many doubts and suspicions as to the future conduct of May's relations, and the present conduct of May's papa. He questioned Mrs. Dobbs, indeed; but there was neither sport nor exercise for his sharp inquisitiveness in that. When Mrs. Dobbs did not choose to answer him, she said so roundly, and there was an end. She had told him that she was in correspondence with Captain Cheffington, and that she believed he would share her views about his daughter. Jo, however, entertained a rooted disbelief as to Captain Cheffington's holding any "views" which had not himself for their supreme object.

"And this Mrs. Dormer-Smith, now, Sarah," said he. "What reason have you to suppose that she will be willing to take charge of her niece now, when she would have nothing to say to her before?"

"A pretty girl of seventeen is a different charge from a lanky child of twelve, Jo. Mrs. Dormer-Smith couldn't have taken a schoolgirl in short frocks out into the world with her."

"Humph! You don't *know* that she will take May out into the world with her?"

"I have written. I shall have an answer in a few days, I dare say. I don't expect matters to be settled like a flash of greased lightning, as Mr. Simpson says. There's a deal to be considered. Hold your tongue, now; here's May."

Similar conversations took place between them nearly every day. And when they were not interrupted by any external circumstance, Mrs. Dobbs would resolutely put an end to them by declining to pursue the subject.

One afternoon, about a week after May's return from her visit to the Hadlows, the young girl was seated at the old-fashioned square pianoforte, singing snatches of ballads in a fresh, untrained voice; Mr. Weatherhead had just taken his accustomed seat by the fire-side; and Mrs. Dobbs was opposite to him in her own armchair, with the old tabby purring in the firelight at her feet, when Martha opened the parlour door softly, shut it quickly after her, and announced, with a slight tone of excitement in her usually quiet voice, that there was a gentleman in the passage asking for Miss May.

"For me, Martha?" exclaimed May, turning round at the sound of her own name, with one hand still on the keys of the pianoforte. "Who is he?"

"He said 'Miss Cheffington.' I don't know him, not by sight. But here's his card."

Mrs. Dobbs took the card from the servant, and put on her spectacles, bending down to read the name by the firelight. "Bun—Brun—oh, Bransby! Mr. Theodore Bransby. Ask the gentleman to walk in, Martha."

As Martha left the room, Mr. Weatherhead pointed to the door with one thumb, and whispered, "Wonder what *he* wants!" To which Mrs. Dobbs replied by lifting her shoulders, and slightly shaking her head, as much as to say, "I'm sure I can't guess." The next moment Mr. Theodore Bransby was ushered into the parlour.

The room was rather dim, and Theodore did not immediately perceive May, who still sat at the piano. "Miss Cheffington?" he



said interrogatively, with a stiff little gesture of the head towards Mrs. Dobbs which might pass for a bow. Mrs. Dobbs had risen from her chair, and now motioned her visitor to be seated. "My grand-daughter is here. Pray sit down, Mr. Theodore Bransby," she said. "Then May got up, and came forward, and shook hands with him."

"I don't think you know my grandmother, Mrs. Dobbs," she said, presenting him. Theodore, upon this, began to hold out his hand rather slowly; but Mrs. Dobbs made no answering gesture, but merely pointed out to a chair, he was fain to bow once more—a good deal more again to sit down with the sense of having distinctly received a little check.

"I hope I have not interrupted you, Miss Cheffington?" said he, clearing his throat and settling his chin in his shirt-collar. "You were singing."

"Oh, no; you haven't interrupted me at all. And, even if you had, it wouldn't matter. My singing is not worth much."

"Pardon me if I decline to believe that. From some sounds which reached me through the door, I am sure you sing charmingly."

May laughed. "Ah," said she, "the other side of the door is the most favourable position for hearing me. I really don't know how to sing. Ask granny."

"No; May doesn't know how to sing," said Mrs. Dobbs, quietly, but very decisively. (For she had caught an expression on Mr. Theodore Bransby's pale, smooth face, which seemed to wonder superciliously what on earth she could know about it.) Whereupon his pale, smooth eyebrows raised themselves a hair's breadth more, but he said nothing.

"My grandmother is a great judge of singing, you must know," went on May innocently. "She has heard all the best singers at the Oldchester Musical Festivals for years and years past, and she used to sing herself in the choruses of the oratorios."

"Oh, I see!" said Theodore, with a little contemptuous air of enlightenment.

Jo Weatherhead looked across at him uneasily. He had a half-formed suspicion that this young spark with the smooth, rather closely-cropped blonde head, severe shirt-collar, faultlessly-fitting coat, and slightly pedantic utterance, showed a tendency to treat Mrs. Dobbs with impertinence. But he checked the suspicion, for, he argued with himself, young Bransby had had the training of a gentleman. And what gentleman would be impertinent to a worthy and respected woman, and in her own house, too? He thought, as he looked at him, that Theodore bore very little resemblance to his father, Martin Bransby, who was altogether of a different and more massive type.

"You don't favour your father much, sir," said Jo, blandly. The young man turned his pale blue eyes upon him with a look studiously devoid of all expression.

"I had the honour of knowing your worthy father well, some five-and-twenty—or it may be thirty—years ago."

Theodore, continuing to stare at him stonily, said, "Oh, really?" in a low monotone.

"Yes; I knew him in the way of business. He was a customer of mine when I was in the bookselling business at Brummagem, as we called it. Your father was, even at that time, very highly thought of by some of the leading legal luminaries. We had no Assizes at Birmingham, as no doubt you're aware; but I used to go over to Warwick Assizes pretty regularly in those days, having some dealings there in the stationery line—which I afterwards gave up altogether, though that isn't to the point—and I used to frequent a good deal of legal company. Mr. Martin Bransby was thought a good deal of, among 'em, I can tell you, and was taken a great deal of notice of by some of the county families—quite the real old gentry," added Mr. Weatherhead, pursing up his mouth and nodding his head emphatically, like a man enforcing a statement which his hearers might reasonably hesitate to accept.

"Oh, how is Mr. Bransby?" asked May. "Thanks; my father is going on very well indeed. He has driven out twice, and, in fact, is nearly himself again. He purposes asking some friends to dine with him next week. Indeed, that furnishes the object of my visit here. I—Mrs. Bransby—of course, you understand that my father's long illness has given her a great deal to do."

"Truly it must!" broke in Mrs. Dobbs, thinking at once sympathetically of the wife and mother threatened with so cruel a bereavement, and now almost suddenly relieved from overwhelming anxiety. "I'm sure most folks in Oldchester have been feeling greatly for Mrs. Bransby."

"And so," continued Theodore, addressing himself exclusively to May, "she has not really been—been able to see as much of you as she would have liked, Miss Cheffington."

May looked at him in surprise. "Why of course!" said she. "Mrs. Bransby hasn't been thinking about me! How should she?"

"That is the reason—I mean my father's illness, and all the occupations resulting from it—which has induced Mrs. Bransby to make me her ambassador on this occasion."

As he spoke, Theodore took a little note from his pocket-book, and handed it to May. She glanced at it, and exclaimed with open astonishment, "It's an invitation to dinner! Look, granny!"

Mr. Weatherhead poked forward his head to see. It was, in fact, a formal card requesting the pleasure of Miss Cheffington's company at dinner on the following Saturday. Mrs. Dobbs once more put on her spectacles and read the card.

"I hope you will be disengaged," said Theodore, severely ignoring "granny."

"Oh, I couldn't go to a grand dinner-party. It would be ridiculous!"

"May! That's not a gracious fashion of receiving an invitation, anyway," said Mrs. Dobbs, smiling a little.

"It's very kind indeed of Mr. and Mrs. Bransby, but I would much rather not, please," said May, endeavouring to amend her phrase.

"Oh, that's dreadfully cruel, Miss Cheffington!"

"You don't think I ought to go, do you, granny?"

"That," replied Mrs. Dobbs, "depends on circumstances."

"I assure you," said Theodore, turning round with his most imposing air, "that it would be quite proper for Miss Cheffington to accept the invitation. I should certainly not urge her to do so unless that were the case."

Jo Weatherhead's suspicions as to this young spark's tendency to impertinence were rather vividly revived by this speech, and his forehead flushed as dark a red as his nose. But Mrs. Dobbs, looking at Theodore's fair young face made up into an expression of solemn importance, smiled a broad smile of motherly toleration, and answered in a soothing tone, "No, no: to be sure, you mean to do what's right and proper; only young folks don't look at everything as has to be considered. But youth has the best of it in so many ways, it can afford to be not quite so wise as its elders."

This glimpse of himself, as Mrs. Dobbs saw him, was so totally unexpected as completely to dumbfound Theodore for a moment. Never, since he left off round jackets, had he been so addressed: for the behaviour of our acquaintances towards us in daily life is generally modified by their idea of what we think of ourselves.

"I—I can assure you," he stammered; and then stopped, at a loss for words, in most unaccustomed embarrassment.

"There, there, we ain't bound to say yes or no all in a minute," pursued Mrs. Dobbs. "Any way, we couldn't think of making you postman. That's all very well for your stepmother of course; but May must send her answer in a proper way. Meanwhile, will

you stay and have a cup of tea, Mr. Bransby? It's just our tea-time. The tray will be here in minute."

Theodore had risen as if to go. He now stood hesitating, and looking at May, who certainly gave no answering look of encouragement. She wanted him gone, that she might talk over the invitation with her grandmother.

With a pleasant clinking sound, Martha now brought in the tea-tray; and in another minute had fetched the kettle and placed it on the hob, where, after a brief interval of wheezing and sputtering, consequent on its sudden removal from the kitchen fire, it resumed its gurgling song, and made itself cheerfully at home.

If Mrs. Dobbs had urged him by another word,—if she had shown by any look or tone that she thought it would be a condescension in him to remain, Theodore would have refused. But she began placidly to scoop out the tea from the caddy, and awaited his reply with unfeigned equanimity. There was an unacknowledged feeling in his heart that, to go away then and so, would be to make a flat kind of exit disagreeable to think of. He would like to leave this obtuse old woman impressed with a sense of his superiority; and apparently it would still require some little time before that impression was made.

"Thanks," he said. "If I am not disturbing you—"

"Dear no. How could it disturb me? Martha, bring another cup and saucer."

And then Theodore, laying aside his hat and gloves, drew a chair up to the table and accepted the proffered hospitality.

Having found the method of supercilious reserve rather a failure, the young man now adopted a different treatment for the purpose of awakening Mrs. Dobbs, and that objectionably familiar person with the red nose, to a sense of his social distinction and general merits. He talked—not volubly, indeed—for that would have been out of his power, even had he wished it; but he talked in a succession of short speeches, beginning for the most part with "I." His efforts were not, however, exclusively aimed at Mrs. Dobbs and Jo Weatherhead. He watched May a good deal, and spoke to her of the Dormer-Smiths as though that were a topic between themselves, from which the profane vulgar (especially profane ex-book-sellers, with red noses) were necessarily excluded. As the others said very little—with the exception of an occasional question from Jo Weatherhead—Theodore's talk assumed the form of a monologue spoken to a dull audience.

He was conscious, as he walked away from Friar's Row, of being a little surprised at his own conversational efforts, and half-repentant of his condescension. He had been obliged to take his leave without obtaining any definite answer to the dinner invitation. But, perhaps, the feeling uppermost in his mind was irritation at May's perfectly simple acceptance of her position as Mrs. Dobbs's grand-daughter, and her perfectly filial attachment to her grandmother. "It is really too bad! Cheffington ought never to have allowed his daughter to be got hold of by those people. Mrs. Dormer-Smith cannot have the least idea what sort of a milieu her niece lives in!" he said to himself.

The worst was that May was so evidently contented! If she had been at all distressed by her surroundings, Theodore could have better borne to see her there.

(To be continued)



"IN HOT HASTE," by Mary E. Hullah (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a very promising work indeed, especially if it be, as we may assume, a first novel. The authoress, unlike most English writers, has taken the typically German school of fiction, as represented by writers like Werner, for her model, and has either saturated herself with it, or else is so familiar with German life and feeling as to have reproduced them spontaneously in their own natural and characteristic manner. It would be easy to imagine it a translation of an unusually good German novel, executed in the only right way, at least where fiction is concerned; that is to say, by rewriting it in English, instead of merely finding English equivalents for words and phrases. Mary Hullah's faults are those of the school she has chosen to follow, and by the standard of which she must therefore be criticised. She makes scarcely a pretence of form and construction; her story rambles on without respect to consequence or probability, and is based upon a will, necessary to the story, but one which no human being, in or out of his senses, ever made. But if she has the characteristic faults of her school, she has also all its merits, and many of her own besides. Clumsy as the story is, the manner in which it is told, and, above all, the sympathetic charm and originality of its heroine, render it thoroughly and exceptionally interesting. Then its sentiment is rational and comprehensible, not, indeed, of the English pattern, but never resolving itself into the formless fogs of the Fatherland. No doubt some taste for German fiction (a by no means universal quality among novel-readers) is necessary for its complete enjoyment and appreciation. But appreciation need not be complete in order to insure quite sufficient pleasure and interest in a work so full of admirable portraiture and so healthy in tone. A little recognition on the author's part of the importance of construction should give her a really good place among the novelists of the day.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's republications of his by this time well-nigh innumerable stories follow one another rapidly. The collection called "David Poindexter's Disappearance," after the first tale in the volume (Chatto and Windus) is among the very best of them. Not one among all the seven can be dismissed as padding; so that it is impossible to render them adequate justice in a few words. Each has a strong point, of psychological as well as dramatic interest, and—which of course may or may not be a recommendation—displays all the well-known qualities of Mr. Hawthorne's somewhat mystical turn of thought and the peculiarities of his style. There is scarcely a living author who, if he wrote anonymously, could be so easily recognised by internal evidence alone; for his mind as well as his manner, and his whole attitude towards human nature, are distinctly his own. Perhaps the secret of his method can be better obtained from "Doctor Carajo" and from "A Strange Friend" (both in this collection) than from most of his stories. Without being among the best, they contain more of his philosophy put more lucidly and directly than usual. All are well worth reading: and they are adapted to so many tastes that it would be invidious to attempt to make comparisons among them.

"Isidra" by Willis Steel (1 vol.; Boston: Ticknor and Co.; London: Trübner and Co.) has, though it is an American story about Mexico, and is sarcastically dedicated to the Mexican Mining Syndicate, nothing whatever to do with mines, and is not a variation upon Mr. Bret Harte's string. For both these qualities we have to profess a gratitude which will receive the sympathy of thousands of readers who must almost wish that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" had never been written. "Isidra" is steeped in the atmosphere of the French occupation, the heroine being a young woman who, maddened by the political murder of her father and brother, becomes a bandit of the most romantic order, fighting and behaving generally like a veritable queen of Amazons, until the concluding tragedy, which would be well worth the attention of any sensational dramatist. The politics, to persons unfamiliar with Mexican history, are not very clear, but they may easily be taken for granted, and the story is unquestionably interesting and exciting,

and not without a certain psychological merit in the person of Isidra whose terrible transformation is rendered more intelligible than could well be supposed.

The indefatigable authoress of "Phyllis," &c., has added to her list of works "The Honourable Mrs. Vereker" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). It is composed, to an even more exclusive extent than usual, of frivolous flirtations and utterly idiotic misunderstandings. Relief from these elements, if relief it can be called, is obtained by means of a horrible case of drunkenness and brutality; and a thoroughly uninteresting and clumsy murder forms as inappropriate a means as can be imagined for bringing matters to a settlement, allowing for the necessity of a further misunderstanding to fill up the second volume. The novel is so exceedingly like its author's works generally that, to those who do not care for them, it is unnecessary to speak of it as trash; to less exacting people it is enough to say that it will thoroughly suit them.

"Count Lucanor; or, the Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio" (1 vol.: Pickering and Chatto), is the first translation into English of the curious collection of tales made by Don Juan Manuel in the fourteenth century; the translator being James York, M.D., who has not only done his work in excellent style, but has added some useful notes, and prefaced it with an interesting historical introduction. The volume is altogether a valuable contribution to the literature of anecdote and fable; the stories themselves, taken from various sources, being distinguished by some quaint originality of treatment, and by a childlike purity and simplicity, both in subject and in diction. To each story is added a set moral, the connection of which with the text is by no means often obvious. Not a few persons will be surprised to find in the collection the original of what is generally considered one of Andersen's very best fancies—"The Emperor's New Clothes." It is certainly the very best of Don Juan Manuel's. Students of comparative folk lore will do well to make acquaintance with the volume, which is otherwise one of the most singular outcomes of its period, when the East and the West were so strikingly blended in Spain.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

NOTHING could be more attractive in appearance than the dainty little volume entitled "Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play," by A. Mary F. Robinson (Fisher Unwin). The frontispiece, from Dürer's "Melancholia," would alone make the book worth buying, and we may add that some of the contents are worthy of their sumptuous setting. We should be disposed to pass lightly over the subjective poems, which do not radically differ from similar efforts by many other writers; at the same time, there is quaintness of conceit in "God in a Heart," "In Affliction" is good, and there is pleasant fancy in "Spring." But the ballads and the play are the gems of the book. The former are, without exception, unusually good: the best of the set is "The Duke of Gueldres' Wedding," which hangs in one's memory like a song by one of the old makers. "The Tower of St. Maur" is also fine, in spite of its ghastly subject, but we think it was a mistake to introduce the Lowland Scots in places; and what does the author mean exactly by

The wintry nights in Flanders  
Lie thick about the grass?

As for the play, "Our Lady of the Broken Heart," it would be hard to praise this graceful trifle too highly; the verse is good, the sentiment pure and unstrained throughout, and the story truly pathetic and well worked out. The idea is that a good and beautiful woman, finding that she has an innocent rival in the affections of her quondam lover, sacrifices her own life's happiness to make that of the two. Hesperia is a noble woman, who one cannot help hoping made Hilarion happy in the end; the scene in which poor little Bellamy meets her at the forest shrine, and believes her to be the Madonna come from Heaven to comfort and aid her votary, is excellent. In fact, the piece is a little masterpiece in its unpretending way.

A most amusing book, which we are not at all surprised to see has reached a third edition, is "Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses," by Rudyard Kipling (W. Thacker); we say "amusing" because, probably, nine out of ten will read it for relaxation—but underlying all the fun there is a vein of serious thought and occasional pungent satire on Government mismanagement, as in "Army Headquarters;" or the story of Potiphar Gubbins. As for that terrible, scathing piece, "The Story of Uriah," we know of nothing with which to compare it, and one cannot help the wretched feeling that it is true; the only man we can think of who has rivalled the intensity of the last stanza is Colonel John Hay, who wrote the "Pike County Ballads." Among the lighter pieces "A Code of Morals" is extremely funny, whilst "Two Months" is fanciful and good, and "In Spring-Time" is the most pathetic lament of an exile we know in modern poetry.

Mr. Walter Scott has done well in including in his "Canterbury Poets" series, the "Poems of Ossian," translated by James Macpherson; with an Introduction, Historical and Critical, by George Eyre-Todd. It is to be feared that it will appeal to but few in this age of petty ambitions and interests; but it was right that the case should be plainly stated once more, now that England has learned to love Scotland, and that the glamour of Dr. Johnson's personality can no longer be brought to bear. Mr. Eyre-Todd has done his work in a manner which could not be surpassed; he has never allowed sentiment or national feeling to sway him, but relies solely upon hard facts—which, we need hardly tell those who have studied the subject, are all on his side. To those whose opinion is in any way worth considering, it would be as absurd to assert that Macpherson forged the great Celtic epic as that Pope forged the "Iliad." Space forbids us to do more than refer all those who love truth rather than prejudice to the editor's own essay, especially to some passages at pp. xvii, xxii, and xxx. There can be but one verdict as a result.

A welcome reprint is "Lays of the Highlands and Islands," by John Stuart Blackie (Walter Scott). Everybody knows "The Voyage of Columba" and "The Death of Columba," but these, and some others have been hard to come by of late. Personally, we must own that we wish Professor Blackie had given us more ballads and fewer sonnets, but that is matter of taste. We would also draw attention to the comments (made in the most temperate spirit) on the system of wrecking villages to make deer-forests, which has well nigh ruined the Highland peasantry. "The Ruined Clachan" and "The Highlander's Lament" are noble poems, which should be read by all.

"The Spanish Armada: A Ballad of 1588," by Douglas B. W. Sladen (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), is a fairly successful attempt; but, of course, anything of the kind labours under the disadvantage of being inevitably compared with Macaulay. Mr. Sladen has had the good taste to leave polemics alone, which is noteworthy.

"Gordon in Africa: A Poem," by W. R. Livingstone (Birkenhead: H. W. Allen), is a fairly well-written piece, of about the calibre of an ordinary Newdigate. More than this we cannot say, and must point out to the young author that "a crying shame" is decidedly a prosaic expression.

Mr. William Toynbee, author of "Song-Words" (Simpkin, Marshall), deprecates criticism on the curious ground that his verses were meant for music. We will therefore only remark that they are about up to the average of most drawing-room songs.

We have also to acknowledge a handsomely-produced juvenile volume, "Nonsense Songs and Stories," by the late Edward Lear (F. Warne), which will doubtless be welcomed in many a nursery.





PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, V.—SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART, R.A.  
DRAWN FROM LIFE

**PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, V.**  
**SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART, R.A.**

No living English artist, I take it, has been so much discussed, whether by word of mouth or act of pen, as Sir John Everett Millais. For the last forty years his works have inspired miles of newspaper criticism, and his personality acres of magazine pages; no writer or scribbler upon Art in the country—one might almost say in the world—but has added up Sir John, subtracted his virtues, and multiplied his faults with more or less correctness; his features are known to us by his own brush, and from that of Mr. Watts and Mr. Holl downwards, as well as through a hundred gravers and cameras; and yet even now, I venture to think, in spite of the countless character-sketches of which he has been made the subject, and in spite, too, of Mr. Walter Armstrong's admirable monograph study, Millais as he is to a great extent an unknown quantity to the public—the public that is so proud of him.

The side of his character that appears least known to the world is that which his friends love best—the genial, Art-loving, merry side; of him the French diplomatist might have said, as he is reported to have once done of just such another, "Oh, sir, he is a lovely!"

The best way to judge for ourselves is to pay him a visit in his studio as early as we like, for in the summer at least he rises regularly at the sportsman's hour—six o'clock.

We pass through the marble hall of the big house in Palace Gate, up the staircase, where Mr. Boehm's black marble seal-patient beast—is for ever dripping water into the shallow tank around it, and Sir Frederick Leighton's

beautiful little statuette *à cire perdue* of "Needless Alarms" adds distinction to the landing. We glance in at the drawing-room, in which Mr. Watts's portrait of the host hangs close to the door, and where Leda is still repelling the advances of the too-amorous Swan, here sketched by M. Renouard in her praiseworthy intentions.

If you are early enough you will see the artist, as you enter the studio, reclining in his round-backed chair, reading his spread-out *Times* held at arm's length, travelling-cap on head, and his beloved briar pipe between his teeth—a companion which, I suspect, if the truth were known, he prefers to any cigar and to most visitors. If his cap be laid on one side you are first struck with what artists would call his "fine head"—decorated with a *chevelure*, still reminiscent, perhaps, of the youthful golden head we read of, but now rather suggestive of the nimbus of genius—of a laurel-wreath lovingly placed there by the crowning hand of Time. As he turns and rises we see a fine example of the Anglo-Saxon race, with nothing foreign about him but his name. A man of sixty by the almanac, he is forty by himself—not a day more; emphatic in the opinions he has formed, and vigorous in his expression of them, so that as we listen we involuntarily reflect, "Ah, nobody was ever left in doubt for a moment as to what *you* meant—whether for good or for evil." King Hal himself could hardly compare with him for bluntness, nor make you appreciate better the meaning of full and healthy power of body and mind. At first sight you would assuredly not suspect him to be an artist of genius—rather a hunting squire, say, or a country gentleman with agricultural interests and a weakness for crops. Too much a man of the world not

to be above the consciousness of being so, as unaffected, free, and colloquial in his language as he is straightforward and kindly in manner, he strikes you as one who could be, according to the condition of things, either the staunchest of friends, or the best and heartiest of haters. Such is the man (or such I take him to be) who is the glory of the English School of Painting of the present day, and who had hardly passed his fifth year when Genius flew by him; when, as she brushed past him with her wings, the little fellow laid fast hold of her, and since that day has never loosened his powerful and tenacious grip. But wherein all portraits, as well as all personal criticisms, have failed to reproduce his most charming characteristic, is in that smile of extraordinary sweetness and significance which lights up his face from time to time, and furnishes the key-note to all that is tender in his work, all that is graceful and lovable in his representations of passion or beauty.

Sir John Millais, like so many of the world's greatest painters, was brought up in a hard school, but the story of his struggles, of his pre-Raphaelitic adhesion and ultimate secession, are all too well known to need recapitulation. Could he have doubted in all his trials of the success that awaited him? I hardly think so: his indomitable energy and power of concentration were sufficient to make him famous in any walk of life. Although his talent, to use a mild word, was always recognised, and although prize followed prize in quick succession, we find him making drawings of actors at ten shillings a-piece, and turning out portraits at from two to three pounds a-head. How precious would these be now! At that time "The Carpenter's Shop"



was commissioned for a hundred and fifty pounds, and the "Ferdinand lured by Ariel" for a hundred, and returned to him by the dissatisfied "patron"—while all that time these works were shaking the Art-world of England to its basis, and the *Times* was raining forth its thunderbolts on the head of the pachydermatous artist. "The Huguenot," too, one of his finest works, and esteemed as such by the painter, he was glad to sell for two hundred pounds—a sum that had to be paid in instalments. Several other works besides, of this period, have since brought ten—ay, and twenty—times their original cost to their fortunate owners.

Sir John Millais' first election to the Associateship of the Royal Academy was a bitter disappointment to the artist: it was discovered that he was under the prescribed age, and the election was ruthlessly declared void. He was re-elected, however, later on in 1853 at the age of twenty-four, but was kept waiting for his promotion for ten years, while inferior men were passed over his head till at last the matter became one of public scandal. It was currently reported at the time that the young Associate contemplated resignation from the Academic body as a protest against the injustice he suffered; but better counsels prevailed, and forgiveness came along with Academic reparation.

There are few trainings so good for a painter as that of illustration—work to which most of our best artists have been indebted for popularity, for practice in drawing, and—as often as not—for bread-and-butter. Running haphazard over the names of favourite illustrators we chance upon those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir James Linton, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Poynter, Fred. Walker; we find in the pages of *The Graphic* such names as Luke Fildes, Frank Holl, E. J. Gregory, and Hubert Herkomer; and the list might be swelled with little trouble to the length of this column. Perhaps the best-known of Sir John Millais' black-and-white work was that which he contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, when Thackeray occupied the editorial chair.

Now, although Thackeray—contrary to his own opinion—could not paint, he was a good critic of others' work. He had already written to Millais that he had met in Rome "a versatile young dog named Leighton, who will run you hard for the Presidentship one day." He had a high opinion not only of his young contributor's powers as an artist, but also of his views on Art, which were as strong, though naturally not so matured, as they are to-day, and one day he said to him:—

"I wish you'd write me an article on Art, embodying your opinions, for the *Magazine*."

"Couldn't possibly," replied Millais, startled at the suggestion that he should burst forth into print; "why, I couldn't be sure of my grammar!"

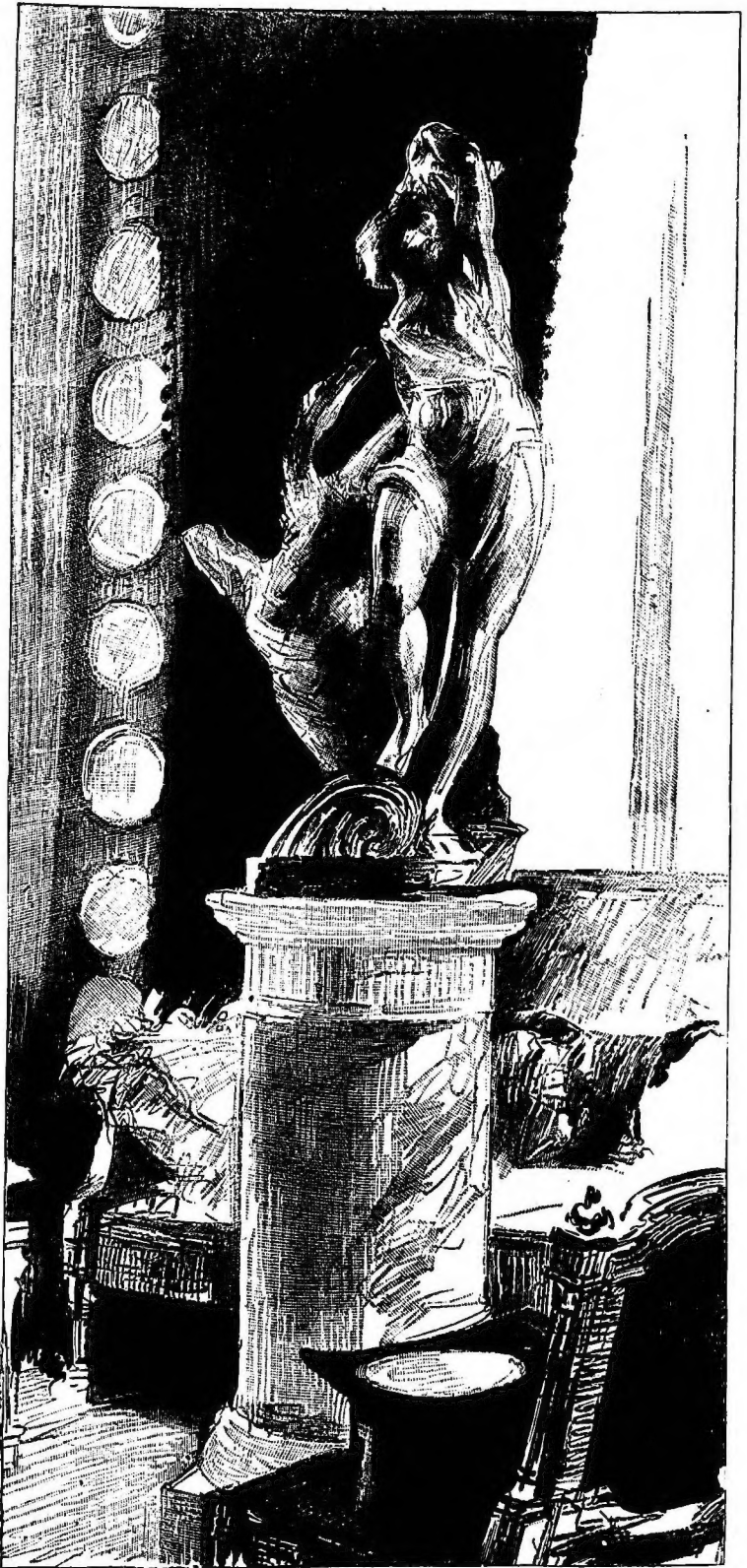
"Oh, d— your grammar!" replied Thackeray; "I've half-a-dozen fools in the office that can write grammar!"

Sir John laughingly met me with this story once. I made a similar "literary proposal" to him. The result of that proposal has recently been given to the world, but it does not include by any means all the views upon Art that I have heard him utter. There are few things more pleasant than to listen while an eminent artist descants upon the subject that absorbs all his energies and rouses him to enthusiasm; but when his ardour glows with patriotic pride in discussing his country's achievements, and as he talks common sense into the bargain, the pleasure is enhanced tenfold. Here are some of his articles of belief, as I understand them, in as brief a form as possible:—Art of the present day is, of its kind, as good as any that has gone before. Our altered conditions of life naturally demand a different form of Art to that which was naturally the outcome of another age, and, consequently, what is foolishly called the "decadence of Art" is a misnomer for the "onward march of Art." The proof of this is to be seen in the manual dexterity of the work, which is to-day at least as great as it has ever been. If the sentiment is not so lofty, nor so inspired, it is due in greatest measure to the loosened hold of the Church on the minds and belief of the people. So much for the inspiration of the subject. As regards our criticism of modern works, which we lightly compare with the works of the Old Masters, and as lightly condemn—we invariably forget what those works were like when they were new! "The Parthenon" and "St. Mark's at Venice," which we rightly extol as perfections of Art, would be scouted as crude, or vulgar, if erected in their original state in London, ay, or even on their own sites, for the matter of that. Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance, Vandyck's portraits, and Reynolds', too (we have positive evidence in the case of the Waldegrave group), were all painted in bright, true colours, such as would assuredly offend that taste of to-day which demands "tone" and "quiet harmonies." The best of our pictures, painted in strong, bright colours, will in a hundred years' time have toned to what we should like them to be now, and the "toned" ones will be black, past recognition. An artist can only begin his picture; Time must finish it for him. Again, the best work is that which is done quickest and with least effort: the worst is seldom the most careless; on the contrary, it is that which is done with the most labour. High finish, as soon as it becomes evident to the spectator of a picture, is a proof of misapplied labour, and to that extent the picture is bad. It follows, from what goes before, that conscientious labour may just as well be the ruin as the making of a work of Art, that the finest work must bear the appearance of having been done with ease, and that an artist can no more command success than he can order his health, mental and physical, or regulate inspiration.

"I have painted good pictures, and bad ones, too," Sir John Millais told me, when talking over this subject; "but the bad ones have invariably cost me more time and more pains than the good ones. I have never knowingly left a picture as finished which I thought I could improve with more work, and the canvases which are sometimes put down as being 'careless' or 'unfinished' always have more work in them than those that look complete. If only people would remember that to the painter who knows his business there are few things easier than to impart an appearance of high finish!"

As an illustration, I may point out that "Cherry Ripe"—technically one of the artist's finest works—was painted in a week (for this Journal, by the way), and "The Last Rose of Summer" in four days; yet they are far finer than others I could name that occupied as many weeks as the others did days.

Sir John Millais' method of work is simple enough. If he is painting a portrait he places the canvas next the sitter, makes no charcoal sketch or other indication, but paints right into the white canvas, "matching" the colours



#### IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

touch by touch, constantly stepping back to test the accuracy of his work. In the painting of landscapes he erects a temporary studio—a sort of shed facing the view he intends to paint, glazed in front and in the roof, and thus combines the advantages of studio comforts with open-air effects.

Sir John Millais' success as a portrait-painter was never from the beginning for a moment in doubt. From the time when he painted Mrs. Coventry Patmore ("The Angel in the House"), the superb pre-Raphaelite portrait of Mr. John Ruskin standing by the Glenfinlas Waterfall, and the "Portrait of a Gentleman"—a pictorial joke this, the "gentleman" being aged about three years, or thereabouts—he became, with Mr. Watts, the most fashionable and favourite portrait-painter of the day. It may be interesting to compare a short list of his sitters with that of Mr. Holl's, given in a previous number, though I hasten to disclaim any intention of selection in the ladies' names here appended—for Sir John has been especially fortunate in the persons of his female sitters:

Lord Beaconsfield (unfinished)	Mr. Irving
Mr. Gladstone (2)	Sir Henry Thompson
Mr. Bright	Mr. Luther Holden
Lord Salisbury	Sir James Paget
Lord Hartington	Sir John Astley
Lord Rosebery	Sir G. Greenall
Lord Lytton	Duke of Westminster
Lord Lorne	Mr. Imray
Lord Esher	Lady Campbell (2)
Lord Shaftesbury	Mrs. Bischoffsheim
Mr. Ruskin	Miss Eveleen Tennant
Mr. Carlyle (unfinished)	Mrs. Stibbard
Lord Tennyson	Mrs. Perugini
Mr. G. Grote	Duchess of Westminster
Lord Ronald Gower	Princess Marie of Edinburgh
Bishop Fraser	Duchess of Westminster (the present)
Cardinal Newman	Mrs. John Leech
Dr. Caird	Mrs. Jopling
Sir Sterndale Bennett	Mrs. Langtry,
Sir Arthur Sullivan	and
Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.	Himself.
Mr. Barlow, R.A.	
Mr. W. Hunt	

But this list by no means exhausts the number of portraits Sir John has painted. There are, moreover, the numerous "subject portraits" he has executed,





such, for example, as "Sisters," "My First Sermon," "My Second Sermon," "Sleeping," "Waking," "The Minuet," "New Laid Eggs," "The Picture of Health," "Forbidden Fruit," and "The Last Rose of Summer;" these are all painted from the artist's own daughters; then "Leisure Hours" represents the Misses Pender, "Twins" the Misses Hoare, and "Hearts are Trumps," the Misses Armstrong, and so on. In some of his best-known paintings, too, his friends have been constantly immortalised. It is pretty well known, I think, that "Isabella," now the property of the Liverpool Corporation, includes the heads of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Wright the architect, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Harris the artist, Mr. W. Rossetti, and Mr. F. G. Stephens, the present Art-critic of the *Athenæum*; the latter gentleman also appearing as Ferdinand in the pre-Raphaelitic picture already referred to. "The Proscribed Royalist" is Mr. Arthur Hughes, the artist; "The Huguenot" is General Lemprière; "Ophelia" was Miss Siddal, afterwards Mrs. D. G. Rossetti, and the lady in "The Black Brunswicker" was Mrs. Collins—formerly Miss Kate Dickens, and now Mrs. Perugini.

The hundred and sixty-two pictures hitherto exhibited by Sir John on the walls of the Royal Academy represent but a portion of his work. The sum-total of them amounts to somewhere about two hundred and fifty in all, more or less—rather more than less, I should say. I am referring, of course, to his works in oil only; those in pencil, pen-and-ink, and "wash" would increase the number enormously. Here, surely, is a rich and plentiful harvest from a long and sunny life.

The collection of his works at the Grosvenor Gallery the year before last contained no fewer than a hundred and thirty numbers. Of these only twelve had been previously exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, and twice as many elsewhere, or not at all. All the rest had been seen on the walls of Burlington House or the National Gallery, in which latter Temple of Art the Royal Academy held its exhibitions for years, after its banishment from Somerset House.

The Grosvenor Gallery collection was insured for 200,000*l.*, so report said. If it be so, hardly less than half-a-million sovereigns must have been squeezed out of his colour-tubes by Sir John Millais, and laid on his canvas at so much per touch. But then how much of this treasure has dripped into the pockets of early buyers, instead of into those of the artist? I suppose the only other man whom the Genius of Design has served thus by placing Mammon wholly at his beck and call—at least, to a like extent—is Gustave Doré. That mighty designer himself declared that between 1850 and 1870 280,000*l.* had made their way through his pass book into the Funds!

Few will say that Sir John Millais has not had his reward, and that, too, while he is still in the prime and vigour of manhood. It is fit that he should, for few have had a harder fight. He struggled on when young in the school of pre-Raphaelitism, following the dictates of his artistic soul, deaf alike to the jeers of the public and the onslaughts of the critic, and indifferent, too, to the very concrete arguments of an empty purse. Now, as in the happy ending of the story-book, riches and honour are his; but more than that, and I know more valued by him than all else, is the pride of his countrymen and the applause of the world. And certainly not less than this, if I have read him aright, down in his heart is the conviction that posterity will endorse what contemporary criticism has set forth.

M. H. SPIELMANN



MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A piquant little vocal duet is "Time Will Show," written and composed by Marion Chappell and J. M. Coward; it is published in two keys.—Very dainty and tuneful is "April" ("Chanson d'Avril"), words freely translated from the French of De Remy Belleau by W. Hardinge; music by A. Goring Thomas.—A pleasing love-song is "When First I Saw Your Face," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and May Ostlere, published in C and E flat.—A spirited march is "Our Volunteers," composed by Lady Arthur Hill.—One of P. Bucalossi's latest and prettiest waltzes is "Marjorie." It is already an established favourite.—"Kitchen Lancers," by Edward Rayner, contain a goodly selection of popular airs easily arranged.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Well written, and calculated for the use of a church choir of mixed voices, is "A Morning, Evening, and Communion Service," in E major, by Edmund T. Chipp, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—"To Greet Thee," is a pretty and unpretentious part song (S.A.T.B.), written and composed by M. E. Garth and Frank H. Simms.—Three songs of some merit, music by Henry J. Edwards, Mus. Doc., Oxon., are respectively, "From Night to Morn" and "Faithful," for which Arthur Chapman has supplied the words, and "Rénée," the very pretty poetry is by Claxson Bellamy.—Lord Tennyson's graceful poem "In Love" has been pleasingly set to music by Helen Coryn, with a very good violin obbligato (*ad lib.*) by Millie Coryn.—Nos. 4, 5, and 6 of a group of songs composed by H. Festing Jones are, "The Autumn is Old," "The Autumn Skies are Flushed with Gold," words by Thomas Hood, and "Dieu qui Sourit et Qui Donne," one of Victor Hugo's sweetest poems. All three are pleasing drawing-room songs.—A very sentimental love-ditty is "I Love Thee More," words by G. P. R. James, music by Hugh Whitchurch.—Simple and useful for a student is "Andante Sostenuto," in E flat, for the organ, by Ernest H. Smith.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is genuine pathos in "Auntie's Rose," a poem by Frederick E. Weatherly, music by Frederick N. Lohr. This song will be a general favourite in the home circle. The same may be said of "Kenneth and Marjorie," written and composed by Harold Wynn and L. Denza. "Dreams of the Past" is a pretty and sentimental song of a well-worn type, which seldom fails to please; the words are by G. Clifton Bingham, the music by A. Romili (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.).—"We Have Loved" is a song of a very ordinary type, written and composed by John Muir and F. Paolo Tosti, both of whom can do much better than they have done here (Messrs. G. Ricordi and Co.).—"We are Parted," words and music by J. Ridley, will not add to the fame of its composer (B. Williams).—A pretty little part-song for the schoolroom is "Children's Prayer-Time," written and composed by Alexander Hume and Martin S. Skeffington (Messrs. Skeffington and Son).—A useful series of elementary and attractive melodies for the piano-forte, with explanatory notes to each, is "Beauties of Nature," of which there are twelve two-page pieces issued, all of which are sure to please little folks; they are composed by S. Claude Ridley. A very graceful specimen of its type is "Fascination Gavotte" in A flat; a piano-forte piece, by Ernest H. Smith (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—A very elaborate frontispiece attracts attention to "The Alexandra March," by Gustave Michiels, the music of which is martial and inspiring (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).—"Roylance's Self-Instructor for the Piccolo or Flageolet" (with 1, 4, and 6 keys), by Edmund Forman, is a clever little work, and will, no doubt, be of assistance to those who have had some rudimentary instruction on either of these instruments, but we question much if

any one of average ability could learn to play them unaided by a professor. In the preface the author says, "This little work has been written especially for both those who understand music and those who do not." We pity those who are compelled to listen to the futile efforts of the non-musical executant! (C. Royley).—Very excellent and interesting work for the student will be found in "Six Melodic Studies for the Piano-forte," by I. A. De Orellana. A graceful "Idyl" in valse metre, by Alex. S. Beaumont, will prove useful for after-dinner performance; it is arranged both as a duet and a solo for the piano-forte (Charles Woolhouse).



EVEN the most cautious critic is compelled to use language of the highest eulogy in speaking of Mr. John Addington Symonds's new translation of "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" (2 vols.: John C. Nimmo). More masterly work of its kind has probably not before been executed in England. Mr. Symonds has precisely the qualifications to fit him for such a labour. Not only has he a deep knowledge of the Renaissance, and a familiar acquaintance with the language in which Cellini wrote, but he has, in addition, a command of English which is both rare and complete. His translation of Benvenuto's world-renowned "Autobiography" has been acknowledged, on all hands, to be worthy of being classed with the highest achievements in this class of literature. The translation completely supersedes Roscoe's, to which it is in every way manifestly superior. It is far truer to the original, and it has the merit of giving us all that Benvenuto wrote without regard to the supposed requirements of "modern taste." On this point Mr. Symonds has, we think, decided well; if the book is worth translating at all, it is worth translating completely. In extreme cases, he gives us the Italian instead of the English, so that the crudest of Benvenuto's confessions have around them the cloak of their own language. As to Mr. Symonds's view of Benvenuto himself, it is expressed in an elaborate and well-considered Introduction. Mr. Symonds's opinions are, of course, worthy of the highest consideration, and, on the details of the history of the time, there are few living men who are able to criticise him; nevertheless, it may be permitted to the less learned, simply taking the case it is stated by Mr. Symonds himself, to dissent sometimes from his view of Benvenuto's character. The moral bias in criticism may easily lead to absurdly false judgments; but it will open to question whether Mr. Symonds is not too lenient to Benvenuto's horrid, if "splendid crimes." That, however, is comparatively a small point, and one on which any reader can judge for himself. The publisher has been well advised to re-issue this fine work in two volumes at a moderate price, and without the "etchings and embellishments" contained in the first edition, which was limited to a comparatively small number of copies.

One wearies, not unnaturally, of some of the interminable "series" of books on literary subjects, written by almost unknown men, which pour nowadays in such enormous numbers from the printing presses. The laboured exposition of familiar writers by beginners in literature is not exhilarating or even useful, and we are often forced to wish that students would study the "series" less and the original writers more. No such thoughts occur to us, however, in the case of a series which actually is well done, and which deals ably with important subjects. Such is "Twelve English Statesmen" (Macmillan), of which four volumes have already appeared. Planned not as "a complete roll of famous statesmen, but to present in historic order the lives and work of those leading actors in our affairs who, by their direct influence, have left an abiding mark on the policy, the institutions, and the position of Great Britain among States," and written by the foremost specialists in the different periods, we have here a set of books which are obviously of use to all students. To Professor Freeman's "William the Conqueror" we have previously referred; Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Oliver Cromwell," Professor Creighton's "Cardinal Wolsey," and Mr. H. D. Traill's "William III.," are the newest volumes. Each, in its way, is excellent. Mr. Harrison's "Cromwell" is truly valuable work, and sets forth the character of the Protector with the greatest possible fairness. Of the massacre of Drogheda Mr. Harrison says: "No admiration for Cromwell, for his genius, courage, and earnestness—no sympathy with the cause that he upheld in England—can blind us to the truth, that the lurid light of this great crime burns still after centuries across the history of England and of Ireland; that it is one of those damning charges which the Puritan theology has yet to answer at the bar of humanity." Here is struck a different, and we believe, a truer note, than that of Carlyle, when writing on the same subject. Professor Creighton's "Wolsey" is also excellent; it shows clearly in how many directions Wolsey worked for the greatness of England.

"The Echoes of the Lakes and Mountains; or, Wonderful Things in the Lake District" (Hammond and Green, 61, Cheapside), is an irritating book. It is thrown together anyhow, without any arrangement, alphabetical or chronological. Its index is absurdly incomplete; and it errs both in what it publishes and what it omits. To reprint Scott's and Wordsworth's poems on the death of Gough on Striding Edge, the whole of Southey's "Lodore," and the whole of "John Peel" is to carry to its lowest art of padding; and to omit all mention of the Pillar Rock in Ennerdale is to leave unnoticed one of the most interesting things in the district. Among the accidents of the district we find mentioned the deaths of Mr. Lennox Butler and Mr. Barnard, but there is not a word about the sad ends of the Rev. J. Jackson on the Pillar Mountain, and the Rev. J. Pope on Great Gable. The compiler, too, does not hesitate to print such sentences as these: "He succeeded in his journey till he got into the Vale of Ennerdale, where he, having apparently become fatigued by his difficult walk, sat down near a rock, and whether from heart-disease or a chill, checking perspiration, and being without a companion, died." In short, the compiler has completely thrown away a good opportunity. A carefully edited collection of all the stories, legends, and curiosities of the Lake District would be an interesting and valuable work; but this incomplete and ill-arranged book will appeal only to the most ignorant class of "trippers."

"A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago" (Chapman and Hall) is edited by Clarence Cook, and is presented to the public bound in what appears to be an imitation of an ancient "sampler." The book is a collection of the letters of one Eliza Southgate Bowne, an American girl, who lived an ordinary, cheerful life, filled with trivial occupations and visits, was made love to, married, bore children, and died. Her life was entirely undistinguished. She did nothing in particular, she was of a very ordinary middle-class family, she came into contact with no eminent persons. Her life was the life of many thousands of good, cheerful women. She was born in 1783, and died in 1869. Had she left no letters behind her, none but her immediate friends would ever have heard her name; but all her letters to her friends and relatives were carefully kept, and it has been thought worth while to publish them. The editor compares them to the letters of Fanny Burney, and says that they surpass any of those invented by Richardson. It is not worth while to dispute the point; let us

admit that the letters are bright, clever, and high-spirited, and let those who are idle enough read them, and be pleased to make the acquaintance of a charming young lady, who was a considerable beauty besides, as her portrait shows. Persons of serious literary minds need not, however, much concern themselves with the letters of Mrs. Walter Bowne, *née* Eliza Southgate.

Mr. Andrew MacGeorge's "Old Glasgow" (Blackie and Son), first published in 1879, has reached the dignity of a third edition. It is a work of much research and very deep interest. Mr. MacGeorge has aimed at giving a truthful picture of life in and about the city of Glasgow, from the Roman occupation to the eighteenth century. His searches of the ancient records appear to have been very complete, and he has amassed a number of curious facts which constitute a valuable contribution to the early history of Scotland. The book is handsomely printed, and is illustrated by good wood engravings.

"The Life and Times of John Wilkes, M.P." by Percy Fitzgerald (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), is the best of the recent works from the same hand. It is more accurate than the book on the Sheridans by the same author, which we recently noticed; and if it displays no remarkable graces of style, it is at least clearly and pleasantly written. A better subject no biographer could hope for; and he who could make such a subject dull does not understand the simplest elements of his craft. The book is interesting as well as useful. It contains some additions to our knowledge of the period, for it for the first time goes into the details of the quarrel between the City and the Court party, and for the first time we have the correspondence between Wilkes and Churchill. There is only one thing against Mr. Fitzgerald's book; a biographer should always be in sympathy with the subject. Now Mr. Fitzgerald very naturally has no sympathy with Wilkes, and he is by no means the party of his white-washers, at the head of which stands the late Sir C. W. Dilke. He sketches the character of the great demagogue with uncompromising fidelity, and the result is a portrait which is very far from being alluring. But that it is substantially correct we have no doubt. The book is in no sense a great biography; Mr. Fitzgerald is a maker rather than a writer of books. But the volumes form the first complete life yet published of John Wilkes, and he was so noteworthy a personality of the last century that we must be grateful to any one who gives us a true account of his remarkable career.

At the present moment the republication of Sir Charles Dilke's paper on "The British Army" (Chapman and Hall), which originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, is particularly opportune. Sir Charles Dilke cannot be classed with the panic-mongers; so that his statement, calm and clear as it is, of the deficiencies in our army-system, is one which should command the widest attention. It is full of thought, and it is based on the most minute and candid consideration of every aspect of the question of national defence. It is, too, written without any reference whatever to party politics. Sir Charles concludes that "the danger of invasion, if we continue in our present courses, is real, although we have armed men enough at home to make invasion impossible, or, at any rate, a reckless mistake on the part of an enemy, if we would but organise the forces which we possess, and keep them prepared to take the field."

The Licensing Clauses of the Local Government Bill are dropped for the time, but all the questions connected with licensing must be raised again before the question of Local Government can be considered even in the way of being settled. The moment is therefore propitious for the publication of a new edition of the "Licensing Laws" (Knight and Co, 90, Fleet Street), by George Crispe Whiteley, and Frederick James Lowe. The book is a very complete work on the present state of the laws. First published just after the passing of the Licensing Act of 1874, it has now been brought down to the present date, and chapters have been added dealing with theatre, music, and dancing licenses, refreshment-houses, and so forth. The index is admirably complete, and all the statutes bearing upon the subject are in an appendix, arranged in chronological order.

A second edition has been published of Willson's "Handy Guide to Norway" (Edward Stanford), one of the most useful works on Norwegian travel which has appeared. The chapter on the Jotunheim has been completely revised and re-written, and gives much information with regard to trips in this great glacier region.—We have also received a new edition of Jurgenson's "Land of the Vikings: A Popular Guide to Norway," a well-compiled handbook which has also been revised and brought up to date, a number of convenient skeleton tours having been added.—An illustrated work on Norway well suited to lie on hotel or club reading-room tables is "Norway Illustrated, 1888." It is edited by E. B. Giertsen and A. Halvorsen (E. B. Giertsen, Bergen), and contains some excellent engravings of Norwegian scenery, while the letterpress gives plenty of information of interest about Norway and the Norwegians.

"Cricket," the latest volume of the "Badminton Library" (Longmans), fully maintains the high level of its predecessors. The Editors, Mr. A. G. Steel and the Hon. R. H. Lytton, are, we need hardly say, thoroughly conversant with the subject, and they have called some able assistants to their aid. Mr. Andrew Lang discourses in his usual light and airy style on the history of the game, which he derives from "stool-ball," and finds first mentioned as a boys' pastime in 1593; and has also a chapter on "Border Cricket," which is of less value. The advice on "How to Score," for which Mr. W. G. Grace is responsible, rather reminds one of the magician's "and that's how it's done," for, after its perusal, one is little wiser than before. The great secret is still untold; it is probably untellable. But, in his chapter on "Outfit," the Champion gives some excellent hints, which any one may take. Mr. F. Gale takes up his parable once again on the subject of "Country Cricket," upon which he has, as usual, plenty to say in his blunt, sensible, style. The recent disastrous defeat of Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell's Etonian pupils by Harrow does not rob his remarks on "The Art of Training Young Cricketers" of their value, though it is a proof of the difficulty of the task. Naturally, however, the chief interest of the work centres in the chapters for which the editors are responsible. Mr. Lytton writes on Batting, Fielding, the University Cricket Match (do not miss his graphic description of the Cambridge victory by 2 runs in 1870, and Oxford's six-run success five years later), Single Wicket, and Cricket Reform; Mr. Steel on Bowling, Captaincy, Umpires, and the Australians (of whom he thinks we have had enough for some time). And here we would advise batsmen carefully to study the chapter on bowling, and bowlers to mark and learn that on batting, for it is half the battle to get such a peep into the enemy's camp. We need not advise active cricketers to get the book; they have all done so long since. But all who take an interest in the national game should procure it if they can. Much valuable information is here accompanied by plenty of amusing anecdotes, and adorned with some capital illustrations. Altogether "Cricket" is worthy of its subject.

Two little works on that difficulty encountered by all amateur photographers, the correct exposure of photographic plates, have reached us—"The Practical Index of Photographic Exposure," by A. R. Wormald (published by the author, Sutton, Surrey), and "The Photographer's Note-Book," by Sir David Salomons (Marion and Co.). The first gives a most comprehensive monthly table for lenses of different focus and plates of different brands. The second little work contains instructions in a briefer form, together with ruled spaces in which the photographer can chronicle the details of light and exposure for every plate he uses, so that, by referring to his notes, he may be guided in the all-important matter of development.

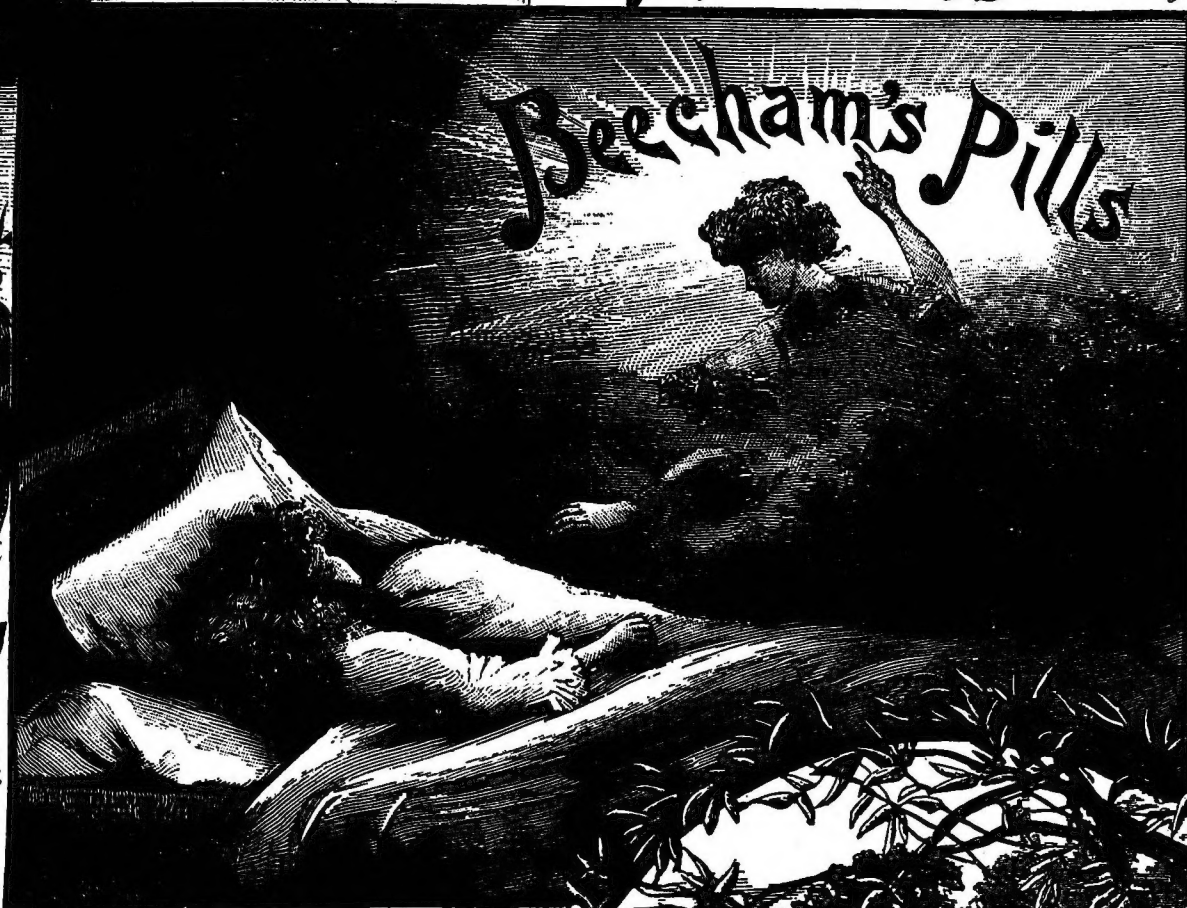




"I'm weak and weary!"—  
 so the maiden sighed—  
 My spirits droop, of late—my  
 roses pine!  
 Oh, for the days when I might  
 row or ride,  
 And glowing health made light  
 this heart of mine!  
 Are there no medicines that can recall  
 My fresh young strength, and  
 rid me of my ills?  
 I sometimes think that  
 I have tried them all—  
 But stay—I have not  
 yet had  
 Beecham's  
 Pills!"

And thus,  
 by hope and  
 doubt alternate  
 swayed,  
 She, tired  
 with musing,  
 sought her  
 couch once  
 more;  
 When dreams  
 of gladness  
 came to cheer  
 the maid  
 And tell how  
 Beecham's  
 Pills  
 could  
 yet  
 restore!

## Beecham's Pills



Oh, kindly vision!  
 And oh, maiden wise,  
 Who flew to this meek failing friend  
 in need!  
 Her merry laugh, bright cheeks,  
 and sparkling eyes,  
 Now prove that Beecham's Pills  
 brought strength, indeed!  
 And gaily can she ride or row, to day,  
 For health from every hour new  
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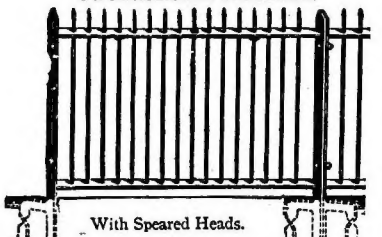
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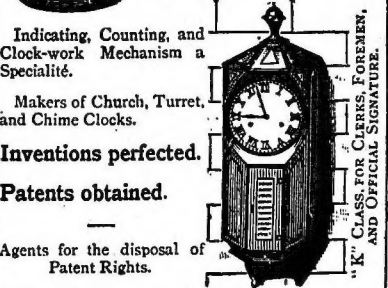


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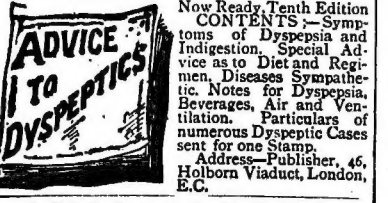
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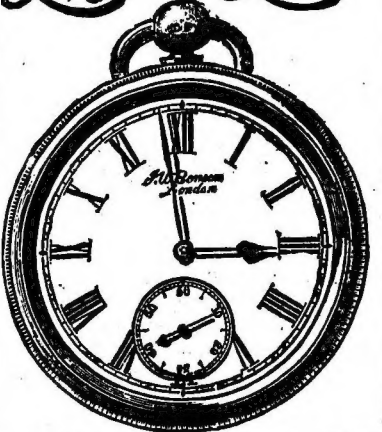
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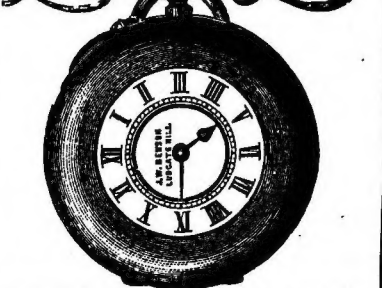
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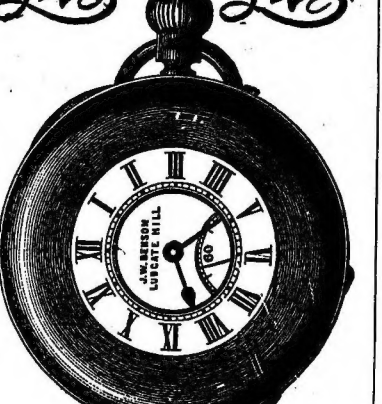
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